NATIONAL REVIEW

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The 1958 Elections: Coroner's Report

L. BRENT BOZELL

Fall Book Number

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

The new International Cooperation Administration stratagem for quieting criticism of free spending: a well advertised recruitment plan for overseas accountants, auditors and controllers.

High pressure selling techniques are being used to raise funds for a new edition of The Honorable Mr. Nixon, an anti-Nixon book written by William A. Reuben and published by "Action Books." The move, supported by pro-Communists, makes this pitch: Since only one Vice President (Van Buren) has ever in American history succeeded a living President with whom he served, Eisenhower will step down before his term ends and permit Nixon to run for re-election as President. Hence the urgent need not to postpone smearing Nixon. . . . The influence of the Communists in England's labor unions has aroused U.S. firms in Britain. Some manufacturing facilities will be curtailed—or closed in the future.

A Midwest editor summed up the elections this way: "Businessmen and farm owners didn't contribute, didn't campaign, didn't vote. Those who work for them did." . . . Members of a House Civil Service Subcommittee want a cutback in high level federal jobs. These—grade GS-13 and above—have increased 500 per cent since 1942 at a cost to the taxpayer of $1.2 billion annually.

European refugee groups are studying the UN representatives from Iron Curtain countries to identify the secret agents in each group. Five agents have been positively identified in the Hungarian delegation. . . . In Germany, 37 leaders of the outlawed Communist Party were rounded up in Duesseldorf last week. . . . The rumor is still going the rounds in Europe that a top Soviet politician died in the crash of a Russian jet en route from Peiping to Moscow.

NATIONAL REVIEW recommends: Richard Walker's article, "Communist China: Power and Prospects," to which the New Leader devoted its entire October 20 issue (reprints available from the American Asian Educational Exchange, Inc., 17 Park Avenue, New York City); also Dr. Gerhart Niemeyer's dissertation, "The Irrationality of Communism," before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, August 8, 1958 (copies available from the Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C.).

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The WEEK

● Dear Mr. Reuther: To promote your speech at Yale University last week, your hosts plastered the campus with posters. Those posters were not, we find, bugged by a union seal. Moreover, we learn, they were not even printed by union labor! There should be a law against that kind of thing. Why don't you pass one?

● This year, as every year (so protocol decrees), the President of the United States sent official birthday greetings on November 7 to the Soviet government on the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. We, in our star-struck way, forgot the great date. It was all for the best. Since then, we believe we have found (in the form of a New York *Daily News* horoscope for Scorpio's children—born between October 24 and November 22—which we quote below) the perfect all-hail from us to Moscow: *"Happy Birthday, Scorpio!* You should be enjoying a greater amount of social life, and gain through publicity or opportunities to travel and push your personal interests. Right now some opposition could be irksome, but in a few months you will be able to smooth your personal relationships, and turn your attention to artistic, creative and brilliantly new ventures. Don't let this golden period get away from you by being confused or self-indulgent. Guard against temperamental changes in June and July. This coming year should prove a high point of achievement."

● New Arguments for Democracy Department: In Maine, where the elections were all over weeks ago, 100 persons called the Portland City Hall on *Wednesday,* November 5, to ask where they should go to cast their votes.

● A melancholy footnote to the Pasternak episode: intellectuals the world over, by their persistent irrelevancies, mitigated the Communist loss. British writers ranging from Bertrand Russell and J. B. Priestley to Rebecca West and T. S. Eliot implored the Soviet Writers' Union to revoke its position on Pasternak. Why? Because the action of the Union contradicted "everything the Soviet Writers' Union stands for"! The Soviet Writers' Union stands for the Sovietization of writers, and their treatment of Pasternak was in the line of duty, and though one cannot expect Lord Russell or Mr. Priestley to perceive this, Miss West and Mr. Eliot surely do, and ought to be more careful what they put their names to. At Yale, a group of students and professors formulated an apologetic resolution of protest, and met in public rally to dispatch the resolution ceremonially. But, an eye witness reports, no one's heart was particularly in it, and the crowd stirred through the monotonies of the first few speakers. But then a witty Frenchman galvanized the audience. He had introduced the concrete enemy. McCarthyism! "We dare not be self-righteous," he reminded the stomping crowd, "after the way we have mistreated our own intellectuals." Here really is what the intellectuals seem to be saying: mistreatment of intellectuals in the Soviet Union is anomalous—"contrary to everything the Writers' Union stands for"; their mistreatment in our own, Philistine society is to be expected. That is why protests by so many of our intellectuals tend to ring hollow.

● Inseparable from current German developments (see below), is the fresh dab of cement just laid on Soviet-Polish relations. Wielding the trowels and the grout—Comrades Khrushchev and Gomulka. Gomulka has long been the hope of those in the West who suppose that the way to get a satellite Communist out of orbit is to weight him down with dollars. This time, Gomulka swore devotion to the one and only Soviet road to Communism. Khrushchev swore to defend the title deeds of the Poles to lands in dispute with Germany. Amount of credits with which outgiving Uncle Sam has loaded receptive Comrade Gomulka to date: some $200 million.

● Now that the world Communist High Command seems to be shifting its attention from Quemoy to Berlin, we wonder how soon a letter to the *New York Times* will explain: 1) the Communists are "there to stay" in East Germany; 2) by all natural considerations of geography, history and sentiment, Berlin is part of East Germany; 3) it is a blatant provocation to have Western troops pointing their guns from Berlin at East Germany's heart; 4) therefore we should withdraw from Berlin, turn it over to the East Germans, recognize the East German government and admit it to the UN.

● Young King Hussein had put in a good year's work. There was no denying it. And he felt he had earned his vacation. So he took off for Switzerland in his own plane, but only made it over the border before being chased home again by hot-rod Syrian MIG pilots in what, our researchers tell us, constitutes history's first case of aerial *lèse-majesté*. It's a hell of a world, all right, when a king can't fly peacefully around in his own airplane any longer.

● In the twelfth volume of his massive history of World War II naval operations, just published by Little, Brown, Professor and Rear Admiral Samuel

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Eliot Morison discloses one of those little incidents that Washington normally keeps from the tender ears of the public. Our wartime allies, the Russians, tipped off our enemy, Japan, about our plan for the Battle of Leyte Gulf—the greatest naval engagement of all time—which they had picked up via a "diplomatic leak." Professor Morison explains: "It seems probable that official Russia did not exactly approve American efforts to win victory promptly, and hoped that the Pacific war would drag along until such time as the Soviets found it convenient to come in." It makes rather a provocative footnote to the dispute over the Marshall-Roosevelt thesis that we needed Russia's entry in order to win the war against Japan.

● United Nations officialdom probably thought that the dismissal of Danish political officer Povl Bang-Jansen last July for "grave misconduct" would write an end to an unseemly situation. But Mr. Bang-Jensen, whose grave misconduct centered on his refusal to turn over to the Communist-infiltrated UN Secretariat a confidential list of Hungarian witnesses to whom he had officially pledged anonymity, has enlisted powerful allies in his fight for vindication. The Danish government voted him $5,000 two weeks ago to help defray legal expenses. And just last week 43 prominent Americans—including Congressmen Wayne L. Hays and Alvin Bentley of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, Roscoe Pound, former dean of the Harvard Law School, and the Reverend Daniel A. Poling, editor of the *Christian Herald,* asked Secretary Dulles to intercede in the matter. It does not make Mr. Dulles' task easier that Henry Cabot Lodge has done nothing toward the redressing of the wrong done to Mr. Bang-Jensen.

● President Gwynfor R. Evans of the Plaid Cymru (independence) Party has arrived in the States to enlist American and United Nations support for his people. He says he is ready to settle for nothing less than total independence with possible Commonwealth status later on, and he is understood to have received assurances that the UN Afro-Asian bloc will support his case. It may not be too long before the flamboyant red dragon-and-green-and-white flag of his people will fly proudly in front of the United Nations building. As a slogan for Mr. Evans, we suggest: "If Ghana's come, can Wales be far behind?"

● Memo from a new employee to his boss (which the boss was kind enough to send us): "If I arrived late at the office this morning you can blame the American Progressive Education System for it. As a newcomer to this country I had not realized that my son Harry (11) was required to take news items to school, but now that I do I take the evening paper home to him. Last night, Harry was busy cutting up the story of the election of Pope John XXIII—or so I thought until he showed me this clipping this morning: 'Estranged wife, 18, eight months pregnant, is pumped full of lead by husband (17). Surgeons delivered baby by Caesarean section while at the same time taking bullets out.' That's when I spilled the oatmeal and had to change my pants, which ultimately made me miss the bus."

● LOCK STEP MADE EASY. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, summing up her impressions of Russia in her *New York Post* column, solemnly anounces that Soviet citizens accept sacrifice "out of fear of war and under compulsion." But, she adds, "there is acquiescence in the compulsion."

● "What," asks Gerald Johnson in the current *New Republic,* "would the football think of the game if a football could think?" A good question—but one which is really less pressing than another: "What would a *New Republic* reader think of the *New Republic* if a *New Republic* reader could think?"

● We pick up the following hair-raiser from *Time*: Fredericus Witte wrote a letter to the tax authorities, complaining that his tax-bill for the year 1955 was *lower* than it ought to be ("If I pay too little, somebody else suffers for it. That's dishonest.") A tax inspector replied by mail that Witte had forgotten a deduction to which he was entitled. Witte appealed to a higher official in the Tax Office, on the grounds that he was *not* entitled to the deduction, only to be told that the best that could be done for him was to let him pay the difference as "conscience money," which he rejected as tantamount to pleading himself guilty of tax evasion. Whereupon he filed suit in the Tax Court, which duly sided with the inspector—and imposed a fine on him larger than

Important Notice

Subscribers to NATIONAL REVIEW are reminded that the Magazine, newly enlarged from 24 to 32 pages, is now being published every *two* weeks. On the alternate weeks, when the Magazine is not published, the new 8-page NATIONAL REVIEW Bulletin will appear. The Bulletin's first four issues were sent to all NATIONAL REVIEW subscribers, but hereafter it will be necessary to make a supplementary charge if you wish to continue receiving the Bulletin.

WILLIAM A. RUSHER, PUBLISHER

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the amount in dispute. Witte then appealed to the Supreme Court, which threw his case out. Then he filed criminal charges against the inspector, whom he never succeeded in identifying by name; and finally—as the only means open to him for accomplishing his purpose—gave up the outside work that had given rise to the deduction. Moral? If this is the wrong number, why did you answer?

Stone Cold Dead

Mrs. Annie Lee Moss is one of the symbols of our age. A middle-aged, sad-faced, distracted, harassed colored woman, plucked from the obscurity of her government job and publicly terrorized by Senator McCarthy and his inquisitorial agents: accused, would you believe it? of being a Communist. Have you read the writings of Karl Marx, Senator Symington asked her? Karl Marks? I don't believe ah know who he is, suh, she said sadly; and when it was over, Senator Symington said, I believe you, Mrs. Moss, and if they fire you, come to me and I'll give you a job. From that moment, Mrs. Moss became a symbol, here and abroad, of the typical victim of the ruthless, wanton human destructiveness of the McCarthy machine.

And now, four years later it develops (the Subversive Activities Control Board has assessed the data, which even the Communist Party cannot deny) that Mrs. Moss *was* an active member of the Communist Party: and there goes a towering Liberal myth. Only just about nobody was there to record the demise. No editorial writers to speak of, no banner headline men, no social historians. Perhaps they thought a part of them was being buried, along with the myth?

The German Question: West

Nikita Khrushchev is not alone in the passionate concern with Germany that he expressed to Mr. Walter Lippmann. (See below.) The reality of Germany, even of a Germany defeated and smashed by two wars in one generation, just won't stay pushed under the diplomatic table.

The German reality derives from ineluctable facts of geography, ethnography, economics and history. Germany occupies the center of Europe, athwart the flat plain that stretches east toward Asia and west toward the Atlantic. Germany has Europe's largest population, its most advanced and dynamic economy, a tradition of formidable military prowess and political ambition. Neither Versailles Treaty nor Potsdam Pact, neither excised colonies nor sundered homeland, neither reparations nor purges could block Germany from eventual resurgence, after 1945 as after 1918.

During the past month, the signs that Germany is again ready to assert her claim to a place, and perhaps the first place, in Europe's front rank have been multiplying. At the end of its first big training exercise, General Heusinger told the recruits of the rapidly expanding new Bundeswehr to honor the proud tradition of the German armies of the past, the Von Moltkes and Von Schlieffens, and the General Staff. In spite of a shocked Social Democratic protest that caused the Bundestag to issue a deprecating disavowal, Defense Minister Franz-Joseph Strauss repeated the injunction a few days later at the military staff college.

The unexpectedly cold reception the British gave to West German President Theodore Heuss reflected not only the survival of hostile attitudes from the past, but an awareness of the new and growingly independent German strength. On a world tour just concluded, Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard asked his hosts for the increased trade that Germany is ready to provide—and instructed them authoritatively in international economics, as when he informed Nehru that German businessmen had plenty of money to invest in India the moment India guaranteed conditions making investment worth while, or when he told Ceylon that its "excessive nationalism" made its economic development impossible.

A German general—Speidel—now is chief of NATO's Central European land armies, and calls for an organizational shift that will add Denmark to his command. A few days ago, the West European NATO members revoked a whole set of restrictions that had been placed by Potsdam and the 1955 treaty on German rearmament. Germany will now add the Mach 2 Lockheed F-104 Starfighters to her air force, and will construct naval units, rockets and short-range missiles capable of carrying nuclear warheads.

Plainest of all symptoms of the re-emergence of Germany and the "German question" was General de Gaulle's still secret memorandum proposing a shuffle in the NATO command structure to provide for a top directorate representing a Big Three defined as the United States, Great Britain and France. With the traditional French sensitivity to rising German power, de Gaulle was making France's bid for the No. 1 spot in Continental Europe while it still retains a certain plausibility.

From the West, as from Moscow, the signs now declare the opening of the period when history is to focus once more, as so often in the long past since Augustus, on "the German question." The struggle for Germany—a struggle in which Germany will itself again be a principal, not a passive prize—will become, before this period is finished, the crux of the struggle for the world.

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The German Question: East

The West German new look served as pretext for a new hard look (and some loud growls) farther East. Moscow is, of course, the permanent epicenter of a continuous political earthquake. The Communist Empire is belted by a permanent earthquake (or shakedown) zone which curves, from Korea, by way of China, South Asia, North Africa, through Western Europe. Wherever in that zone there is a hint of structural weakness, line of fault, or even a point of accreting resistance, Moscow selects its ground and builds its calculated pressures with an eye to rending dislocations. No doubt, the main direction of Communist thrust remains the Middle East. But, from its interior position, Communism can diversify its emphases at will, with bewildering effect. Last week, deep rumblings presaged a new front of disturbance (the Germanies), and the shaking of an old one in a quiescent quarter (Iran).

The rumblings issued from Nikita Khrushchev in two separate pronouncements; one on the occasion of official Russo-Polish talks in Moscow; the other in the course of an interview with Walter Lippmann.

For the purpose of fraying Allied nerves while dividing German opinion, Khrushchev's proposals were limpidity itself. The time has come, he suggested, for the United States, Britain and France to pull their occupying forces out of Berlin. The Soviet Union would show the way by withdrawing its forces from East Berlin, letting the East Germans take over. Thenceforth, the Western occupiers, if they elected to stay put, would have to deal directly with the Communist East German government (which neither Washington, London, nor Paris recognizes). Next, Khrushchev counselled the West Germans to be more choosey about their friends. A false step would mean the pulverization of West Germany by Soviet military might.

In his conversation with Walter Lippmann, Khrushchev spelled out his threat. West Germany, he said, now lay at the mercy of Soviet intermediate and short-range rockets, which Communism now had in long supply. Mr. Lippmann could not, of course, verify Khrushchev's claims. But there could scarcely be an attentive ear in Bonn that would not find it the better part of valor to take the Russian at his word.

Thus, Moscow's latest seismic shock at once had a splintering effect in several directions.

But perhaps the most important point, in its long-term effects, was the least obvious one. For decades there has existed an active body of German opinion which holds that Germany's true destiny lies in a combination with Russia against the West. Between the World Wars, this view was strongly held in the German General Staff and in the Foreign Ministry; and it has old historical roots. Even during World War II, there were those who believed that the ultimate solution of the German question lay in an alliance of the Germans with the Soviet East against the West. It is this latent body of opinion that Khrushchev's proposals are aimed at stirring up.

This is the new front of world crisis which Moscow is developing against the West. The move has long been foreseen. So has the Soviet threat against Iran with which Khrushchev bracketed it. In fact, they are phases of the same front. Iran is, of course, part of the Middle East complex. We tend to forget that the Middle East (in terms of Soviet strategy) has for one of its objectives a turning and enveloping action against Western Europe.

Election Rundown

Facts of interest to NATIONAL REVIEW readers:

Of the Senatorial candidates we favored:

Defeated: Senator Knowland, California; Governor Handley (running for William Jenner's seat), Indiana; Senator Malone, Nevada; Senator Bricker, Ohio; Senator Watkins, Utah. Watkins (100,133) and independent J. Bracken Lee (77,849) together outpolled Democrat Frank E. Moss (111,248).

Elected: Senator Hruska, Nebraska; Senator Williams, Delaware; Senator Keating, New York; Senator Goldwater, Arizona (who amassed five times as many votes against his opponent in 1958 as in 1952). Senate summation: Modern Republicans: 4 wins, 9 defeats; Conservative Republicans: 3 wins, 6 defeats.

Right-to-Work: Defeated in California, 5-3; Ohio, 2-1; Colorado, 3-2; Washington, less than 2-1; Idaho, 9-8. Approved in Kansas, 5-4. Of interest: In 1956, Right-to-Work was defeated in Washington by a 2½-1 vote, this year it was less than 2-1.

Other important votes: In California, the "soak the rich" income tax change lost 4-1; the proposal to tax parochial and other church schools, 2-1. In Oregon (*nota bene,* Senators Morse and Neuberger) voters rejected three proposals to permit the state to build public power plants, to build nuclear facilities and to enter the power wholesaling business.

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A Republican Looks At His Vote

The housewife ahead of us was in the polling booth so long, I thought she could not just be splitting her ballot; she must be emulsifying it. It turned out that she was trapped (voting machines are still something of a novelty with us). When she pushed the lever to the right, the curtains had closed behind her. She could not remember how you open them again. She could not call out (decorum forbade); and she could not get out (panic was taking over). I missed the big moment of her liberation by a bipartisan rescue team. I was watching the voting queue.

Something was noticeable in the faces of the voters —a peculiarly braced sobriety. They seemed to me the faces of people who had, some time before, firmly and finally made up their minds, and were here to do something about it. I had not the slightest doubt as to what most of them meant to do.

Nevertheless, I would vote with my Party. I always vote like a Democrat—that is to say, I always vote a straight Party ticket, but Republican. In that way, I understand myself to be furthering, at least until it becomes simple historical idiocy to do so, certain general propositions about the world—propositions which, on this most recent election day, seemed remarkably remote and unreal.

So voting did not take me a minute. I read only one name (J. Glenn Beall) to locate the Republican line. I snapped down all the Republican keys and left the booth, feeling as if I had thrown my vote into the gutter.

No doubt, a man who seeks to act in and on reality, rather than to stand still and watch from some fastidious sideline, must, of necessity and more than once in his life, consciously throw something very precious in a gutter.

I took my little self-disgust, which was only the private face of a larger concern, out into the golden autumn weather that was so ironically like the weather of election day, 1952. Our naive fervors of 1952 appear wildly comical in the disenchanted light of 1958. The discrepancy helps to measure, I think, where six years of "middle of the road" (or twilight sleep) Republicanism have brought some of us.

The morning before that other election day I was ill. There was a family hubbub. We all knew what was wrong. But we were also deeply concerned about something else. We supposed that the vote between General Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson might be close, and we felt that Stevenson's election would be a disaster. Therefore, every vote counted. Perhaps you must have gone through the school of the Revolution to take voting so seriously as we do; to feel that, in a sense, there is no longer such a thing as a merely American election because every election and its outcome here is an event in the world conflict. Every vote contributes to a cumulative outcome that bears directly on the fate of hundreds of millions of people elsewhere, as well as our own.

So that day in 1952, somebody said: "But you can't have a heart attack *now*. You've got to vote tomorrow if we have to take you there on a stretcher." As I walked away from the polling place in that same autumn sunlight, I was struck down.

By evening, an ambulance had got me to a hospital, which, by one of those wonderful fumbles that occur, turned out to be the wrong hospital. While everybody tore inside to straighten matters out, my stretcher lay on the ramp; and I could hear voices close by, talking election. A blanket had been pulled (prematurely) over my face. Later, I clawed my way through drugs and made out foggily a small bare room and a little nurse, sitting in one corner. When I stirred, she jumped up and asked if there was anything she could do for me. I said: "Tell me how the election turned out." She hesitated, disappeared, reappeared almost at once, and said: "A landslide for Eisenhower." I stopped fighting the sedative and fell most peacefully asleep.

On this last election night, we sat—my wife, my son and I—listening to the remarkable TV coverage. My son, who had just cast his first vote, was clearly exhilarated by the scale of the event he was witness to. He knew, at least in a general way, that he was seeing the incipient third phase of that American social revolution of which the New and Fair Deals had been rocket stages one and two. My wife, as the returns piled up, huddled deeper in her chair. "Gloom" could not possibly cover what she felt. It was rather that she knew she was watching the Republicans epitomize one of the Bible's most cruelly piercing insights: "To him who hath shall be given. But from him who hath not, even that little which he hath shall be taken away." I was almost wholly unmoved. I had "discounted" the news. "It is not Fortune that governs the world," Montesquieu has told us. "There are general causes, moral and physical, which operate in every monarchy, raise it, maintain it, or overturn it."

If this is true of monarchies, it is also true of parties. The Republicans had lost touch with reality in all directions, and in all groupings, until domestic policy resembled irresolution tempered by expediency, and foreign policy more and more resembled something like eccentricity. They had been handed a disaster.

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Babes in the Jungle

In Geneva, Switzerland, official representatives of our government are at the present moment engaged in not just one but two grandiose, expensive, multiply-staffed—and quite absurd—negotiations. One is a three-powered job (Soviet Union, Great Britain, United States) supposed to be discussing a ban on nuclear tests. The other is an even-Stephen ten-power get-together (United States, Great Britain, France, Canada, Italy, for the West; Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Albania, for the Communists) which is supposed to study how to prevent "surprise attacks" under conditions of modern weaponry.

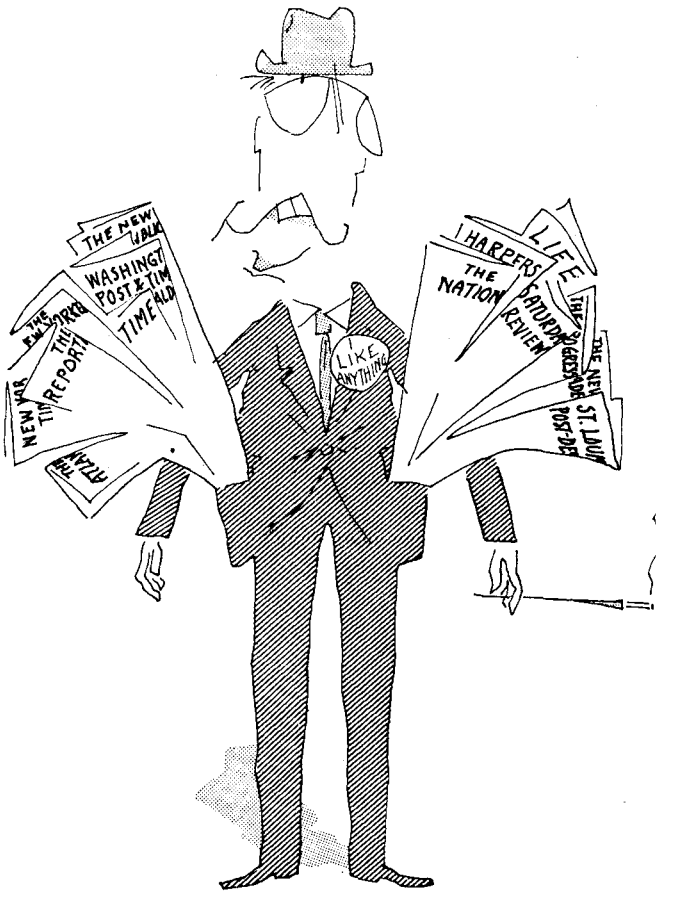
For the Test Meeting, our delegation is headed by James J. Wadsworth, a large, genial, back-slapping Rotarian who has been doing routine diplomatic tasks here and there in a routine manner. For the Surprise Meeting, the President named William C. Foster, a businessman with off-and-on government experience, most notably as a dispenser of the nation's wealth under the foreign aid program.

Moscow saw its personnel problem rather differently. For the duel with (or, let us predict, massacre of) Mr. Wadsworth, Khrushchev picked Semyon K. Tsarapkin, a tough and tempered MVD operative. To cut Mr. Foster's throat, the Kremlin sent off to Geneva Vasily V. Kuznetsov, also from the inner Bolshevik cadre—his last big assignment was in Latin America earlier this year, to prepare the welcome for Vice President Nixon.

To get the flavor of this humiliating encounter, it is enough to read a few sentences of the *New York Times* dispatch covering the first session of the Surprise Meeting:

> Instant and basic disagreement between the United States and the Soviet Union marred the opening . . .
>
> The United States said the conferees should confine themselves to the "strictly technical" aspects . . .
>
> The U.S. delegation had prepared a cautious statement of intentions. The U.S. representatives were completely unprepared for Mr. Kuznetsov's belligerent and comprehensive political speech. Although he had perhaps ten minutes' grace to compose a sharper reply, Mr. Foster went ahead and delivered his original technical statement in answer to the Soviet delegate's oratory.

After forty-one years of the Bolshevik Revolution, the representatives of the U.S. government were "unprepared" that a leading Bolshevik—an officer in the General Staff of the World Revolution—was going to use the world forum that they had provided for him to make a political speech in the interest of the "revolutionary struggle of the peace-loving camp of socialism against the warmongering camp of the imperialists."



Kreuttner

"As an Independent Thinker and staunch supporter of every disastrous policy this country has followed, starting with recognition of the Soviet Union and culminating in perpetual global payoffs, I have concluded that what we need now is not less, but more of the same."

Will American officials never be able to learn that the business of Bolsheviks is not to discuss the world but to conquer it?

Meanwhile, as consistently predicted by NATIONAL REVIEW, the United States has gone through with the October 31 suspension of nuclear tests even though the Soviet Union 1) has not fulfilled a single one of the conditions laid down by the State Department, 2) has continued its own testing subsequent to October 31, and 3) has not accepted even the bare principle of a controlled, year-by-year ban; and 4) even though Chairman John McCone of the Atomic Energy Commission stated publicly that a ban on tests—controlled or not—will be to the Soviet advantage, and will "delay and probably prevent" the planned development of clean nuclear weapons, for tactical use by small units and for defense against missiles.

The Test Meeting, however, has not been inconsequential. Comrade Tsarapkin's denunciations of the West have been getting a spendid press. And,

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of course, the Geneva hotelkeepers—who refused to agree to a Summit Meeting in July because their facilities were full up—are doing fine in the off season.

Brainstorm

Speaking at the centenary celebration of the Columbia Law School in New York City, U.S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas championed the Court's right to usurp the lawmaking powers of Congress. Referring to the Court's invalidation of state anti-subversion laws (the Nelson case), Mr. Douglas remarked that "double regulation—both by state and federal laws—may be logically permissible but practically unsound." Douglas sets the Court up as sole arbiter of such things as logic and practicality. In other words, gone, presumably, is the notion that it is Congress' business to judge practicality, and the Court's to uphold the law, even if it is cussedly "illogical" and "impractical."

Just to put himself in double jeopardy, the Justice also called for a return of the "intelligentsia" to Washington as in the days of the New Deal. "The bulk of our elite," he said, "are turning elsewhere," scourged from the public service by "those who, marching under the banner of Americanism, have hunted down the non-conformist as well as the subversive." Maybe there is something to what the Justice says. Maybe we need an intelligentsia in Washington to advise the President to pack the present Court.

Splitup?

In the wake of a Senate Anti-trust and Monopoly Subcommittee suggestion that General Motors should be broken up, George Romney, head of the American Motors Company, has urged an "unwinding" of both GM and the United Automobile Workers Union. In Mr. Romney's opinion, behemoth encourages counter-behemoth—and *de facto* "industry-wide bargaining" results. The little fellow finds it hard to live with GM setting pay scales. With wages forced into an unnatural uniformity, competition in pricing becomes less flexible.

Whether it is good for the country—or even good for constituent operating units like Chevrolet and Oldsmobile—to have a huge amalgam of social power such as GM in our midst is a highly controversial question. We can see that it has had an unfortunate impact on labor practices. As for pricing, we doubt that GM has ever fostered any inter-company collusion; auto makers set their prices on the basis of their capital costs and their expectations of reaching something known as "standard volume" (an assembly line running at 80 per cent of capacity). But even if it does not force uniform prices, GM might do better for itself and for everyone else if, like Standard Oil of old, it *were* to unwind.

Having said as much, we hasten to add that Mr. Romney is hardly the man to complain that he can't compete against GM. At last reports the American Motors Company was the only automobile manufacturer to do well in 1958. Its models—light, strong, saucy, and cheap to buy and operate—have even inspired a popular song that is being sung everywhere to the disparagement of the Cadillac. Whatever its alleged sins as a "monopolist," GM has not been able to keep Mr. Romney down.

Notes and Asides

Two issues ago we wrote that the library of the University of Illinois did not carry NATIONAL REVIEW. We learn from a flood of letters, including one from the Librarian of the University and another from the President's office, that we were dead wrong. The University has carried NATIONAL REVIEW for over two years.

We most sincerely, and most heartily, apologize to the University for falsely accusing it of suppressing NATIONAL REVIEW. (We were pleased by our correspondents' dismay at the suggestion that the University should be guilty of anything so horrible!) We acted in good faith—on the advice of a student, who wrote in to complain last spring of the unavailability of the magazine on campus. We had dealt with him before, and always he was reliable. Still, we might at least have checked our subscription list.

NATIONAL REVIEW launched a few weeks ago a subscription promotion drive, and we have complaints from a number of readers who have received—some of them as many as eight!—repeated requests to subscribe. They write us, Isn't it an unwarranted extravagance to waste paper, print and postage circularizing readers you already have? It is a waste indeed but not avoidable. It would cost many times more money to check promotion lists name by name, against our subscriber list. To do so is just impractic . We nevertheless very much regret the nuisan we may be causing our readers, and ask them pl se to bear with us.

NATIONA EVIEW is becoming so old (this week we are thr !) we're seriously considering lying about our age Why? Because we're afraid that when we grow v y old, old like some of our competitors on the Le our circulation won't drop down to their level!

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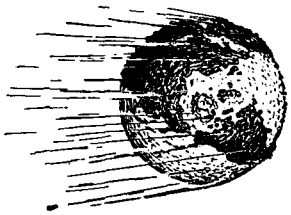

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

The Main Theater

Because we of the West are not willing to face the present reality of a third world war, we see each of the war's operations in distorting isolation. We make the impossible attempt to understand and judge each separately, "on its merits."

The Suez issue, for example, we interpreted in terms of Egypt's "sovereign rights" and the immorality of an Anglo-French "appeal to force," not in a global context from the perspective of which Nasser's seizure of the Canal was a phase in the Russian campaign to take control of the strategic pivot to Eurafrica. We hail the "humane values" to be achieved through "cultural exchange" without asking ourselves whether it makes sense, in wartime, to adopt a program that mellows the public attitude toward the enemy, and welcomes his agents disguised in cultural masks. For the supposed sake of posterity, we negotiate about banning nuclear tests, without calculating the inevitable specific effect of a test ban on Western security.

Two Pairs of Blinkers

In looking at the Quemoy operation, a double pair of blinkers has narrowed the Western visual field. Most of us see Quemoy as if it were an isolated piece of real estate, ownership of which is in dispute between two local proprietors who base their contrary claims on considerations of local geography, political morality and military expedience.

Some Westerners, throwing off the first pair of blinkers, recognize that the Quemoy stakes are as large as the Pacific: the integrity of the West's Pacific frontier; the allegiance of the overseas Chinese in the great Pacific ports; the political attitude of allied and neutralist Asians. A very few of us manage to get rid of the second pair of blinkers, also, and thereby to see the entire Pacific as only one section of the single theater of the third world war: the global theater.

If we saw this Quemoy operation as an episode in the world struggle, we could not settle back of an evening to applaud visiting dancer-Bolsheviks, to discuss problems of physics with scientist-Bolsheviks, to show architect-Bolsheviks our homes and factories—and to offer diplomat-Bolsheviks renunciation of the very arms that in the next hour might mean victory or defeat for our men in the Formosa Strait.

The Quemoy Diversion

There are more directly strategic consequences of our failure to enlarge our vision to a global range. We do not see that for Communist world strategy *the present Quemoy operation is a diversion, not the main thrust.* The main Communist thrust continues to be into the Middle East, and through the Middle East to Africa.

In July of this year the progress of the Soviet Mideast campaign, which had developed smoothly since the seizure of the Canal just two years earlier, was jolted by the one eventuality which the Soviet planners are not prepared to meet head on: the direct entry of American (and British) troops as part of a powerful concentration of Western force. If Washington meant business in the Middle East, the half-built Russian position might crumble. If Arab hotheads started shooting Marines, no one could be sure what Washington might do. Even quiescent, the Western troops acted as a tranquillizer on an area that Moscow aims to keep tense and feverish.

So Khrushchev rushed to Peiping to concert Mao's actions with his own. Within days of his visit the shelling started in the Formosa Strait.

The maneuver has paid off. Both the military power and the political attention of the West have been diverted to the China Sea, according to plan. The pro-Western King and Prime Minister of Iraq are not only dishonored and dead but forgotten. Lebanon's pro-Western President Chamoun is out, and his pro-Western chief minister an exile. Major units of the Western fleet have steamed off to Formosa. And—the crucial point, of course—the Western troops have departed.

The Stage is Set

So the cleared stage is being set for the next act. Nasser's aide, General Amer, is summoned to Moscow to receive his orders and the contemptuous offer of just enough Russian aid as to deepen Egypt's dependence on Moscow without solving any of Egypt's problems. (What use to anyone is 10 per cent of a dam?) Khaled Bagdash, the Syrian Communist leader (of Kurdish origin), is back in Damascus, along with two thousand Soviet "technicians" and "specialists." Riots are arranged in Britain's Aden base, at the mouth of the Red Sea; bribed Arab guerrillas batter her Oman base, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf. Moscow plays the new Iraqui chief, Abdul Karim el-Kassem, off against Nasser. The Free Jordan Radio, from Egyptian soil, thunders demands for King Hussein's head together with warnings of an Israeli advance to the Jordan River. Syrian jets jockey with Hussein's plane. Moscow denounces Iran for plotting with Washington.

For all their bombast, the Nassers and el-Kassems, like the Sauds, Chehabs and Husseins, are if not puppets no more than walkons in this show. They are not free agents, because they have not the independent power to be free; they can at most alter local details. There are only two stars in the drama, and one of them has chosen passivity. So it will be Moscow that decides on curtain time for the next big Mideastern scene. By the quickened tempo from the pit, it won't be long now.

Could this be part of the surprise that Khrushchev is readying for his special Party Congress, summoned to meet in January?

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Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Parliament Enters the Last Lap

The politicians reassembled at Westminster with the date of the next election still quite uncertain; but nobody doubts that the present Parliament has entered the last lap. This knowledge added extra piquancy to the splendor of the occasion as the Queen, with a jingling escort of cavalry, rode in her coach to the Palace of Westminster, where she put on the heavy jewelled crown, took her seat on the throne and summoned her "faithful lords and commons" about her to hear "the most gracious Speech."

Among the lords were the newly created life peers, including the Baroness Wooton, a far left economist and always one of the awkward squad, who refused to take the oath of loyalty on the grounds that she had no religion by which to swear. That was one innovation: another was that this year for the first time the whole occasion was televised and broadcast. It had never even been photographed before.

This is a magnificent ceremony, and the effect on the viewing public seems to have been considerable. The *Daily Worker* complained that the whole thing was a low Conservative trick to persuade the innocent electorate that the Queen was a Tory. This is nonsense, of course: the Labor Party could have vetoed the use of television had it wished. It may be true, though, that this occasion, so rich in tradition and dignity, has helped the popular projection of the Conservative Party.

The focus of left-wing fears was the Queen's Speech. This is a speech read from the throne but written by the Government of the day—an announcement of the legislative program for the coming session. The speech itself was a brief and formal affair, in keeping with the Government's pre-election strategy of convincing the voters that sound, mildly progressive administration is better than the hazards of doctrinaire engineering. One minor matter which proved controversial was the encouragement of home ownership by channeling money through building societies rather than local authorities (which the Socialists oppose because it means Treasury support for private enterprise).

Belatedly and under much pressure, the Government is at last proposing to pay fair market value of property taken under compulsory purchase orders. This is a very welcome measure of justice, though it would be even more welcome if it were accompanied by some shrinkage in the actual powers of compulsory purchase. But that would be too much to expect of a Government whose ambition, in the words of the speech, is "to secure a just balance between the expanding demands of the modern State and the freedom and status of the individual."

Pension Schemes

From this well-fortified base of generally approved achievement the Government advanced to the two main subjects of domestic conflict: the rival pension schemes and the tightrope between inflation and unemployment. The Socialists claim with some reason that the Government's elaborate pension plan is simply an imitation of their own. No one disputes that something had to be done.

Inflation and longevity have undermined the calculations on which the original National Insurance scheme was based, and it is about to plunge wildly into the red. In twenty years time the annual deficit, even with the regular Exchequer subsidy, would exceed 400 million pounds.

We are all compelled to contribute, not only through general taxation but by the weekly purchase of insurance stamps. Both the Conservative and the Labor schemes introduce the progressive principle: contributions and pensions graded to match income. The Socialist plan—"Retire on half pay"—is much the more ambitious, demanding higher contributions and carrying the progressive element up to incomes of 2,000 or 3,000 pounds a year; it is also thought to be unsound actuarially. The Conservative plan is very carefully calculated and probably practicable: the scale is narrower and the benefits more modest. It is conceived in financial rather than social terms.

Its vice lies in the compulsion. Individuals cannot contract out and firms can do so only if they operate a compulsory pension scheme of their own. In spite of its professed respect for individual responsibility, the Government is still claiming the right to tell us how much money we must save for old age.

The Inflation Dilemma

This is the inevitable leftward slide of a semi-socialized economy. The more money the State takes from individuals by way of taxation and welfare contributions, the less money they have with which to provide for their own welfare and the more dependent they become on doles from the State, which in turn have to be paid for by higher taxation and contributions. It is a vicious spiral which the Conservative Government has been unable or unwilling to reverse.

No financial planning, however firmly based, could survive a long slump or runaway inflation. The Government is determined to slip between Scylla and Charybdis. The Opposition expects, one might almost say hopes for, a slump. To avoid it, the Government has been steadly relaxing the "credit squeeze." Restrictions on installment buying have been abolished; resistance to wage claims has unobtrusively slackened.

The Government is prepared to accept a degree of continuing inflation rather than face the rigors of sound money plus unemployment and strikes: and from the electoral point of view, the Government is quite right. Massive unemployment would give the Socialists their best chance. The other planks in their platform—the Rent Act, municipalization of housing, nationalization of steel—have all begun to look distinctly wormeaten. As Parliament turns into the straight, the Government is clearly seen to be going well.

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The 1958 Elections: Coroner's Report

L. BRENT BOZELL

The corpse is there for all to see, and no matter where you probe, you face the fact of lifelessness. A rebirth? Perhaps, says Mr. Bozell: but American Conservatives will have to organize.

Let us conservatives not look for the silver lining. There is none. The voters did not repudiate conservatism as philosophy and program; and neither did they endorse it. They proved, however, that the Republican Party, the traditional vehicle of conservative political action, is dead. Having presided for six years over an incumbent party's paradise of peace and plenty, the Republican Party is dead.

The party will, to be sure, field a slate of candidates in 1960. Indeed, its probable Presidential candidate, the caricature of Eisenhower from New York, will probably win: the inevitable answer to the party's (and our society's) death wish. But as *an organization capable of carrying a political doctrine*—any political doctrine—*to national power*, the Grand Old Party is recognizably a corpse.

Proof of death: The Democrats took thirteen Senate seats from the Republicans—giving them close to a two-thirds majority. The Republicans took none from the Democrats. The Democrats took forty-eight House seats from Republicans. The Republicans took one from the Democrats. California, for many years the GOP's Fortress of the West: levelled. William F. Knowland, the party's national ideological spokesman: just another body under the debris. Democratic governors in Kansas, Iowa, South Dakota and Nebraska!—an area traditionally as "sure" for Republicans as the South is for Democrats. Democratic state-wide sweeps in Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana and Ohio. Vermont's congressman-elect: a Democrat for the first time since 1856. In suburban Montgomery County, Maryland, one of the wealthiest in the land, a doctrinaire labor lawyer won the congressional seat.

Any attempt to draw a direct ideological moral from the Republican debacle (as opposed to an organizational one) is vain. The *Washington Post* can claim that the defeat of Senators Malone and Bricker is proof of a repudiation of the right wing. But how account for the fall of Potter, Payne, Thye, Knight and other crusaders for the New Republicanism?

The handful of GOP senators who kept their seats likewise establish no ideological pattern. Beall won in Maryland and Scott in Pennsylvania. But so did Goldwater in Arizona and Williams in Delaware. The record of New York's Keating reflects elements of both the moderate left and moderate right. That of North Dakota's wild man, William Langer, has elements of everything.

Misleading Signs of Life

Nor is the death verdict for the organization in the slightest impaired by the several twitching muscles observed on the corpse. In most cases, the impression of twitching is, itself, unreal.

Rockefeller's victory in New York was unquestionably personal: more glamour, more money, more demagoguery than the split Democratic organization could cope with.

In Arizona, labor overplayed its hand. Labor has done this before, notably in the campaign against Senator Taft in 1950. When the bosses blatantly announce their intention of "getting" *X*, the effort is likely to boomerang; and it is especially likely to boomerang when *X* comes from a largely non-industrial state like Arizona. Arizona is the only state in which labor made this mistake. Senator Goldwater's campaign was not damaged, we may note, by a widely displayed photograph of COPE's chief organizer in the state, an ex-convict, bearing prison identification numbers across the chest.

Senator Beall's victory in Maryland is attributable solely to his good fortune in having been opposed by a recognizable thug-type, Baltimore's Tommy D'Alesandro. In the other state-wide contest, Republicans lost the governorship by nearly three to one.

Hugh Scott's success in holding on to Pennsylvania's GOP Senate seat was a genuine twitch. The state organization showed signs of life throughout the campaign, even though it failed to elect a governor and lost three congressional seats to the Democrats. But such performances were few and isolated—and merely prove, it would seem, that rigor mortis sets in more slowly in some places than in others.

Unprecedented Disaster

Political parties in the past, of course, have undergone disasters, and come back. But not comparable disasters. A few, to be sure, were comparable in terms of election results. Never before, though, has a party been swamped at the polls in an almost totally favorable political climate.

The Republican disasters of the thirties were explicable in terms of a giant depression for which Republicans caught the blame. The Democratic debacle of the twenties could be understood in terms of a glowing prosperity for which Republicans were given credit. The 1957-58 recession? It was slight and spotty to begin with; and, it had almost totally disappeared when the campaign got under way. The Eisenhower Administration was perfectly correct in

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maintaining that with the exception of a few depressed areas—whose voting pattern, incidentally, did not deviate significantly from the national norm—the American people have never been more prosperous. Foreign affairs? In crass political terms, the Republicans could not have performed more handsomely: they kept the peace in a manifestly explosive world. And if there were popular misgivings over the long-term fate to which the Eisenhower Peace was dooming the country, they were not the kind of misgivings that any Democratic candidate could allay.

The only things working for the Democrats were the Adams scandal and the voters' historical tendency to favor the "outs" in an off-year election. The former was not exploited by the Democrats—it merely had the negative value of depriving Republicans of the corruption issue. The latter may not have been working at all. For the Democrats, thanks to Eisenhower's unique feat in 1956 of losing both houses of Congress while winning the Presidency, were not exactly the "outs." Be that as it may, the off-year tendency could at most explain a setback, never a collapse.

Finally, the "trend" argument: one hears that the Republicans were up against a Democratic *tide* and that the pollsters detected it many months ago. The observation is silly because it begs the question: Why the tide? *Of course,* the pollsters saw a Democratic sweep coming. The corpse has been cold for quite some time.

Big Labor's Sweep

Occasion of death. The executioner was Walter Reuther. There is little this report can add to what is already known on the subject. Big Labor's vaunted political machine at last came into its own. For a decade and a half it had flexed its muscles menacingly, had won telling victories here and there. In 1958, however, it was the only political organization worthy of the name in the field, and, as a result, swept everything before it. The Democratic Party can be called the victor, but only because the winning candidates bore Democratic labels. The organization was Labor's. Labor had the money, far more of it than will appear on election expenditure reports. Labor had the manpower for registration drives, for "getting out the vote," for working the polls. Labor's "educational" campaign was worth a hundred television appearances by a candidate. And Labor, quite justly, has claimed the spoils: the Eighty-sixth Congress has already been told what Walter Reuther expects of it.

Labor's Gains in the Senate

Based on AFL-CIO ratings of Senate voting records

(all types of issues, foreign and domestic, covered)

Senators with 67 to 100% "right" votes	*Senators with 67 to 100% "wrong" votes*
1956: 35	1956: 42
1958: 42	1958: 33
13 of 42 up for re-election—11 victorious	13 of 33 up for re-election—4 victorious
2 replaced by men with even greater allegiance to unions	9 defeated or retired—all but 1 ("middle-of-road") replaced by "liberals"
Probable gain of 12 seats in other contests	New Congress: 24 (assuming none change voting pattern)
New Congress: 54 (anticipated)	

Me-Tooism

Cause of death. Pernicious anemia. While Reuther's legions administered the *coup de grâce,* the real cause of the Republican Party's death was internal. Reuther's legions would not have proved invincible had they been opposed, organization for organization. But organization is what the Republican Party was organically incapable of providing.

An organization needs people and money, but before these it needs a purpose. The post-election comment I have heard most frequently is, "Why should voter X vote Republican? Republicans are no different from Democrats." Which slightly misses the point because in some instances the individual Republican candidates *were* different from their Democratic counterparts, yet fared no better than the me-tooers. Closer to the mark, I think, is the question, Why should Y, a Republican worker, ask X to vote Republican? The American electorate does not go into action spontaneously. It must be bestirred by tiny activist minorities—the party organizations—which think they have something to sell. Here a party's national leadership is all-important, for its line and tone inevitably affect the entire party structure.

At one level, the Republican organization suffered from sheer neglect. What patronage the Eisenhower Administration was able to dispense during six years in power, it dispensed with more or less equal generosity to Republicans *and* Democrats. Republican legislators were not given preferred treatment. Party organization men were largely ignored in Administration councils. Partisanship, in attitude and action, was anathema to the Eisenhower Administration. The President of All the People never recognized that partisanship, *for its own sake,* is an indispensable ingredient of success in the American political system.

At a far more important level, however, the Republican organization lost its *raison d'être* in those six years of power. This happened because the Republican national leadership adopted, as its own, the essential program and philosophy of the opposition party. The point, in part, is that it was the *wrong* program and philosophy—*i.e.,* one repugnant to most party regulars; but, more important, that it was the *same* program and philosophy as the Democrats'. With the Republican Party deprived of a distinctive policy, the party organization was deprived of a reason for existing and working.

Republican campaign oratory in 1958 was the syndrome of the disease. "The Democrats are spenders." This from the man who presided over the spendingest Administration in the nation's history. "Reuther is attempting to take over the government."

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This from a party that assiduously courted and pampered Big Labor for six years, even while Big Labor was openly proclaiming its intention of driving Republicans from power.

Here, then, is the chief historical achievement of the Eisenhower Administration: that it destroyed the Republican Party. But the guilt (let us be fair) lies primarily with the victim. For the Republican Party *made* Dwight Eisenhower its high priest, in exchange for its soul.

Rockefeller and Nixon

This may be the place to acknowledge those who take comfort from what happened in New York. Rockefeller lives, some mourners are telling themselves. *Habemus papam.*

We don't. We conservatives don't, obviously; but neither does the Republican Party. Nelson Rockefeller may very well get himself elected President, but he is incapable of revivifying the Republican Party for the very reasons Dwight Eisenhower succeeded in asphyxiating it. And worse: the Republican Party predictably will not recognize the snare of Rockefellerism. The party's dominant faction, which saw advantages in making over the party in the image of Eisenhower, will undoubtedly see comparable advantages in establishing a new Republican Party in the image of Rockefeller. "He can win." Consequently, the party will be under considerable pressure to move even further leftward—*i.e.*, to keep pace with the times and Walter Reuther.

The Disappointed Heir. What, then, of Richard Nixon? Rockefeller's smashing 550,000 plurality in New York has struck a crippling blow at the vitals of Nixon's carefully constructed Presidential machine. It will not, of course, affect Nixon's organizational connections, his close association with regular party workers at all levels. But while Nixon may remain the preferred choice of the organization, the party regulars are so weakened by six years of Eisenhowerism that they can no longer play the marginally decisive role in the choice of a candidate.

Nixon's painstaking construction of a seemingly impregnable position depended upon a complex set of factors. For one thing, the Modern Republicans who, to put it mildly, have never been enthusiastic about Nixon, tolerated him only because of the continuing threat of Knowland which constantly lurked in the background. For another, Nixon with consummate political skill played upon that fear, presenting himself as a candidate from whom Liberals had nothing serious to fear ("The New Nixon"). Thirdly, and most decisive, the Liberals had no candidate of standard-bearer stature. The elections removed Knowland from consideration, and thus the last eminent Republican of conservative inclination who might compete for the Presidency. Even more important, they presented Liberals with a natural candidate—the man from New York.

Thus, all that is left of what two weeks ago was a virtual certainty is Nixon's undoubted prestige among party regulars. For that broader support which will be necessary in the light of Rockefeller's advent, the Vice President can do one of two things: he can deepen his flirtation with the Liberals into a regularized marriage; or he can try to mobilize the conservative Republicans who have been retreating in the thousands from political activity. There is, of course, a third course, and Mr. Nixon may attempt it; that is, he may try to do both at the same time.

But what is he *likely* to do? The Vice President's inner convictions probably lean more heavily to the conservative than to the Liberal side. But whatever his inner leanings may be, the public record suggests that his actions will be determined by what he decides is most likely to advance his political fortunes. And, unfortunately, there is every reason to suppose that Nixon considers the conservative vote already his—that it has nowhere else to go. Consequently, he can be expected to try to strengthen his Liberal appeal.

Hope for Conservatism?

A Rebirth? The 1958 election laid to rest the myth that has comforted so many conservatives, the idea that there exists a large ready-made conservative vote awaiting only candidates to vote for. There are currently no dividends for the ordinary politician, however gifted, in playing the conservative side of the street.

Does this mean that there is no hope for conservatism—no possibility of reversing the growth of statism, of stopping the Liberal-Labor avalanche? No; only that the task is infinitely harder, more desperate than conservatives had assumed. The Republican Party is demonstrably dead as a national vehicle; nor is there any large body of voters ready and eager to be gathered into some new organization of conservative character. A conservative electorate has to be created out of that vast uncommitted middle—the great majority of the American people who, though today they vote for Democratic or Modern Republican candidates, are not ideologically wedded to their programs or, for that matter, to any program. The problem is to reach them and to organize them.

It would be foolish at this time to attempt to project the exact forms so massive an endeavor would have to take. But let us speculate a little. Despite the morbid state of the Republican Party nationally, its organizations at the local level, where the will and energy exist, can be vitalized and made the vehicle of conservative mobilization. Such activity carried out in enough places could conceivably breathe new life into a dead organism and bring about the rebirth of the Republican Party on a national scale. Another possibility—as with the emergence of the Republican Party itself in the late 1850s out of the dead body of Whiggery—is that a new organizational form can be developed. These two activities are not inconsistent. Both may go on at the same time; and either or both of them could lead to secessions from both parties in 1960—a coalition of conservative Republicans, conservative Democrats and conservative independents, if not as yet in a third party, at least around a third candidate.

These are not prescriptions. They are possible routes along which conservatives may find a way out. After the elections of 1958, what has long been suspected has become obvious and certain: American conservatism has no political organization and no political leadership. What remains is the conservative spirit and the truth of the conservative position—enough to win if that truth and spirit can find the relevant organizational forms.

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from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

There Are Decent Ways to Make a Living

This department, being dedicated to a Fabianism-in-reverse in going from the "here" of a coercive Statism to the "there" of a maturity that will dispense with government leading strings, is not in the business of counselling desperate measures. If we are all for waging our anti-Statist fight within the rules, however, we can think of a tactic that is entirely legal yet might have force in making a dead letter of some laws that ought never to have been passed. What we suggest is that libertarians use social ostracism on characters who let themselves be hired to do the dirty work of enforcing obscene statutes. After all, nobody *has* to take a job attaching the bank accounts of farmers who plant wheat in excess of quotas for their own livestock any more than one *had* to be a prohibition agent in Volstead Act times.

A modern counterpart of the prohibition agent is that Canton, Ohio auctioneer who recently undertook to sell off livestock seized from Amish farmers who, out of religious scruple, had refused to pay Old Age and Survivors Insurance levies. He deserves at least a few contemptuous looks for not refusing the job. We will forgive him just this once, for, after all, he is no worse and no better than the people who bid for some thirty head of livestock seized from fifteen Amish farm owners. In a community that had any civic decency, the top bids for the seized cattle would have been in the neighborhood of a dollar per cow—and the successful bidders would have returned their spoils to the farmers who had been robbed by the marauding government agents.

Amish Agriculture

Last summer we had occasion to make several trips through Amish farmlands in southeastern Pennsylvania. The land is rich, and presumably it would take considerable genius to farm it badly. The Amish do right by their patrimony: they plow and plant on the contour, they rotate their crops, and, since they use horses instead of tractors, they are never in want of fertilizer. Yet it is not the technical soundness of their farming that distinguishes the Amish; it is the sheer common-sense decency of their way of life.

The Amish use their sound agricultural economy to sustain a regimen that is Christian to the core. Their religion tells them that it is wrong to depend on the State for any sort of pension, or dole, or relief allotment. They have their own community methods of insuring that no Amishman will ever be in want. As Albert Jay Nock wrote long ago, if an Amishman loses his barn through fire or lightning, his co-religionists deem it their duty to build him a new one. If he dies and leaves children too small to work his property, his co-religionists help until the children grow up. As for Old Age and Survivors Insurance, no Amish grandfather or grandmother has to worry about that. The children take care of their aged parents simply because the parents once took care of them.

Much of the Amish income is in the form of produce that never gets into the cash economy. It is, thus, beyond the reach of taxes. Nevertheless, an Amish farmer has to have some cash. In Pennsylvania he raises tobacco for sale; in Ohio, the cash crop is milk. According to the law, then, the Amish farmer, since he is a money-making entrepreneur, must get himself a social security number and pay the government his social security tax.

Our dictionary defines "obscene" as anything that is "foul" or "disgusting." We doubt that the originators of the Old Age and Survivors Insurance System had any obscenity in mind. They merely wanted to do good. But motives and results are not always in harmony, and what the partisans of OASI have wrought will hardly bear contemplation. To begin with, the collection of the tax, which is farmed out to corporations and individuals by law, forces private citizens to become government agents without choice or compensation. (Incidentally, this comes within the definition of slavery.) Secondly, the collected money is neither invested nor funded for the benefit of the so-called insured; it is simply exchanged for paper IOU's and used to defray the government's ordinary running expenses. This means, in effect, that the next generation is going to be taxed all over again to pay the Old Age keep of those who are supposedly paying for their own insurance now.

Enforced Poverty

These things, while bad enough in themselves, are not what makes the law obscene. It is only when the enforcement of the law begins to defeat its own ends, by actually forcing people into destitution, that it becomes a foul and disgusting thing.

The instance of the Ohio Amish is a prime case in point. When the government seizes the Amishmen's cash —as it did in fifty cases in Ohio—the hardship worked on Amish individuals is not insuperable; after all, the cash is in the nature of a surplus. It is when the government steps in to grab an Amish farmer's cow—which is his capital in more ways than one—that destitution looms. The cow not only feeds the farmer, she also fertilizes his fields and reproduces her kind to carry on the whole nourishing cycle. If the Ohio Amish prove recalcitrant enough to defy the Old Age tax collectors over a period of years, it won't be long before they have lost all their cattle. Their farms would go next. And, destitute, they would then quietly starve. No Amishman has ever yet taken public assistance, and surely men and women of their strong religious bent would die before compromising with their immemorial pride.

As a Fabian-in-reverse, we do not advocate abolishing OASI overnight. We do advocate that it be put on a means-test basis. Let those who have either private insurance or productive property give evidence of competence and obtain a waiver. That would let the Amish keep their cows and depart in peace.

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THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Here & There in the College World

• Perhaps the worst phenomenon of college life—worse than swallowing goldfish, or founding a student chapter of Citizens For a Sane Nuclear Policy—is the popular election of the editor of the student paper. I do not have the count on how many campuses practice this barbarism, but that it should be condoned anywhere is a source of—if I may wrench the words away from Little Rock for just a minute—National Shame. I once happened on a news story in the daily undergraduate paper of the **University of Texas**, several years ago, describing with total equanimity the movements on the preceding evening (election eve) of rival candidates for editorship of the same *Daily Texan,* which quite froze my blood. There had been a torchlight parade, swinging placards, cheerleaders, and great orations ("Student Government should have a voice in the selection of the faculty"—that kind of thing).

What happens? The following is what *can* happen. I give you an editorial from a recent issue of the *Daily Texan.* Please note the syntax, the imagery, the style, the thought, the content—and remember, the man who wrote it was the people's choice . . .

"HOT BREATH AT THE BRINK

"It's just a matter of time.

"Sooner or later the various brinks-of-war which America continues to 'Dullesize' will come to a head.

"Meanwhile, there are a hundred different aspects to the United States' current edition of being painted into an unmaneuverable corner—the offshore islands of China.

". . . [I am showing mercy] This is the ulceric game of brinkmanship, two-power politics, 'co-existence,' and crisis-after-crisis international politics that are the tune of the times. We must learn to think [!]—and live —with them if we are to survive as a free nation.

"We have no choice now but to make every effort to negotiate for a peaceful settlement short of give-away on Matsu, Quemoy, etc. But we must keep our real intentions before the world—not a desire to invade the mainland or to use nuclear firepower to mow down more Asian property in our wake—but to protect Formosa and the basic lines of the free world's mutual defense.

"Even more, we must continue to positively inform the world of our desire to protect *all* nations from *outside* invasion.

"This game is indeed a painful and multifarious one. But if we lose this one—not only do we end up on the lower end of the score—but the whole field is swept out from under our feet."

The very idea that an *editor* should be so selected! The black mass of democracy?

• Do you want your son or daughter to apply for a college scholarship? If so, you begin by filling out a standard form devised by the College Entrance Examination Board. The form is called "Parents' Confidential Statement," and asks your salary before taxes; other income; annual home expenses; extraordinary expenses; federal income tax paid; life insurance face value; value of home; fire insurance and unpaid mortgage on same; other real estate; capital value of your share of business or farm, cash, notes, accounts receivable, inventories, equipment, other fixed assets, mortgage, net fixed assets on said business or farm; the nature of your retirement plan; estimate of any gifts that might be given to your son during school year from other sources, relatives, friends, organizations, government, foundation or veteran grants; family insurance policies; and, of course, make and year of family automobiles. How many gold teeth do you have? Heh! Heh! Heh! *They'll* never know! Until they think to ask.

• A student at "**a university situated on Long Island**" nominates the following incident as revealing of the character and temperament of the typical college student these days: A professor of English read aloud to his class from an essay by John Henry Newman subtly caricaturing stylized Victorian attitudes on the proper behavior for a gentleman (from Newman's *Knowledge and Religious Duty*) but read it to his class deadpan. Excerpts: ". . . [a gentleman] is mainly occupied in merely moving the obstacles which hinder the free and embarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself . . . The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast . . . he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate . . . From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted by insults, he is too well employed to remember insults . . ." The professor raised his head, and asked the silent generation assembled before him how many dissented from any of the views he had read, defining a gentleman. A single student (out of 20!) raised his hand.

• The only comment by an English professor at **Hunter College** on a student's book review sympathetic to Whittaker Chambers' *Witness*: "Try the opposite point of view."

• State Funds Don't Bring State Control Department (from the **University of Washington** *Daily*): "Until [state laws] are changed, the ban on religious activity at the University of Washington will be upheld, Dean of Students Donald K. Anderson said yesterday . . . His statement came after the announcement Wednesday that the council and directors would renew efforts to bring a 'spiritual, non-sectarian revival' to the campus. Such activity was banned by the state attorney general last December following [a decision by the courts] declaring religious instruction and Religious Emphasis Week to be 'unconstitutional.'"

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Children of Tomorrow

If I were to endeavor seriously to refute all the fallacies that are printed in the numerous publications of the professional educationists, I should do nothing else on this page. But I cannot resist commenting upon one recent effusion, sent to me by a reader of this review. It comes from the pages of the *Instructor*, a magazine for teachers, and is the work of Mr. Gerald Wendt, President, UNESCO Publications Center. Mr. Wendt wants to know, "Will Children be Ready for Tomorrow's World?" The brummagem Utopianism which vitiates almost all the work of UNESCO is at its most naive in his remarks.

The world of tomorrow, according to Mr. Wendt, is going to be Wonderful Fun—play, play, play. Drawing apparently on the predictions of popularizers like Mr. George Soule and Mr. Morris Ernst, he informs us that everyone is going to live longer and better. The children now in our schools "will spend the best years of their lives in the 21st century. It takes perspective to prepare them for that. What will life be like then? Nobody knows."

It will take more than perspective to make children ready for a world which even Mr. Wendt cannot imagine. I never heard of anyone who could prepare others for the utterly unknown. But Mr. Wendt ventures upon a few predictions. "Our production of wealth will continue to increase so that the average annual income will be $4,000 or $5,000 per person and at least $15,000 per family." (What such dollars actually will buy, at the present rate of inflation, Mr. Wendt does not mention.) "Automatic machinery and automatic factories, producing this wealth, will require less human labor. The working week will go down from 40 to 32 or even 24 hours. People will have money and time to spend." (UNESCO, of course, will make war unthinkable meanwhile).

So what do we do about this in our schools? Simple. "The moral: Education for earning a living is not enough. Education for living is just as important. Recreation, outdoor and indoor, will fill most lives. But creative activity in all fields will be almost universal too. In preparation for this future, the creative impulse that is born in all children must be kept alive and nourished. In order to ensure that tomorrow's children will be ready, a teacher needs a broad perspective on the world and on the future."

Recreation, outdoor and indoor, eh? That is a prospect more terrible than war, perhaps: an unending tedium of amusement. As Irving Babbitt wrote once, "We must find our happiness in work, or not at all." I am able to agree, nevertheless, that teachers need broad perspectives. Our teachers' colleges do not offer them those perspectives.

Prospects for 2025 A.D.

But the probable perspective of the dawning age with which history and some knowledge of human nature supply us is quite unlike Mr. Wendt's rosy forecast. I venture to suggest that the years between 1958 and 2025 (to which, Mr. Wendt thinks, most present-day schoolchildren will live) will be rather like this:

The medical advances in which Mr. Wendt delights will produce, in Asia and Africa and South America especially, a fearfully rapid growth of population, much in excess of food supply or possible industrialization. This pressure, with its consequent poverty and discontent, will pile more fuel on the fanatic fire of nationalism.

In such an era, Soviet intrigue will thrive, and the tension between the Communists and the remaining free nations will grow ever more dangerous. At the same time, the decay of true community, the sense of self-reliance and local rights, and the productive genius of the West will continue; and parallel with these, and partly from the same causes, there will be a still deeper decay of religious faith and of morality.

If this process continues for long there will be an explosion of total war, or else a feebly-resisted conquest by the Soviets and their allies. And from either total war or a Soviet conquest, recovery would be infinitely slow, if possible at all: for the moral fiber and the material resources of the present free nations would not be resilient enough to survive such a shock.

Now I do not say that these disasters are inevitable. I say only that, supposing the present drift of our civilization is not arrested, these terrible things will come to pass. And if we spend our time teaching our young people how to be idle and to spend their five thousand dollars and to "learn to live," such a result scarcely can be averted. I quite agree that we ought not to make "earning a living" the end of serious education; I had not supposed that any educated man, let alone the president of the UNESCO Publications Center, really thought that this was the principal aim of our present educational system. But neither is "education for living" the end of our schools and colleges and universities. Education for survival is more important; and, if necessary, education in how to die as men should.

I suggest that if our nation, and the West in general, is to find the answers to the riddles of the dawning age, we had best teach theology once more to our young people; and philosophy; and history; and languages; and politics; and geography; and economics; and the real sciences. Thus we may hope to bring forth the leadership and the intelligent, responsible public, that can act and endure in our time of troubles. The college courses in outdoor recreation and driver-training, the school courses in homemaking and industrial arts, are going to have to make way for genuine higher disciplines—supposing we have the will to survive.

In a time that cries out for heroes, Mr. Wendt and his colleagues tell us we ought to teach our young people to be complacent consumers. In a civilization on the brink of dissolution, we are offered Training for Fun.

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Open All the Way

RICHARD M. WEAVER

In *The Americans: the Colonial Experience* (Random House, $6.00) Professor Daniel J. Boorstin has produced a frank "thesis" history. Underlying the entire work is the argument that nothing European has been successfully transplanted to America. Or, if this metaphor is a little too rigorous, nothing that has been transplated from Europe to America has managed to survive very long in the original form.

He seems to find in America some special set of thick, stubborn circumstances which exert an irresistible evolutionary pressure upon anything transferred to its soil. Among the things that American soil will not nourish are *a priori* ideas and systems, institutions resting upon exclusive principles, and hierarchies of any kind, including aristocracies and intellectual elites. This is a way of affirming that the American is destined by his environment to be empiricist, pragmatist, and democratic. One is impressed from the outset by Professor Boorstin's strong feeling against the theoretic and the structural.

It must be confessed that he argues his case heroically. He examines the major colonial undertakings one after another and tries to show that they succeeded or failed according to their promoters' readiness to adapt their ways of thinking to American exigencies. The Puritans failed to establish a Zion in the wilderness, but they did establish a colony because they had sense enough to leave aside strictly theological disputes and concentrate on the practical problems of church organization and community life. Of all those who came to the New World for reasons of religion, the Quakers were the most ill prepared to make the necessary adaptation. "The curse of perfectionism" and "the unfitness of their dogmas" left them incapable of "the larger task of building a new society in a new world."

The biggest failure of all was the colony of Georgia, which was undertaken as a completely blueprinted affair. And the most successful was Virginia. That was because the settlers of Virginia came without any rigid ideas of church or state and set about making the best adaptation they could to the circumstances of a tobacco-producing economy. The economy was wasteful in many ways, but it did subject the planter class to "an unrelenting test of alertness and enterprise." Hence the Virginia leaders of the Revolution and founders of the Union. Nowhere does the author's insistent anti-formalism show more clearly than in his statement about Virginia Anglicanism: "In their own peculiar way, and even without realizing it, Virginians were 'purifying' the English church of its atmosphere of hierarchy and its excessive reliance on ritual."

Almost the whole tendency of America has been, for Professor Boorstin, in the direction of particular adaptation, improvisation, differentiation by locale, and the like. Almost, but not entirely. For when he comes to his section on American speech, we find things marching in the opposite direction. Here he spends pages not merely narrating but celebrating the achievement by Americans of a uniformity of speech.

Why did not America, with its great variety of land, climate, and ethnic composition, produce numberless dialects, or at least wide differences in pronunciation? Here the author has to look for another kind of cause. It was a passion for equality and community which made the people embrace a standard vocabulary and pronunciation. Geographic and social aspects of uniformity "have been both symptoms and causes of a striving for national unity." Further, "the very idea that there was a single "proper" speech which any person could learn from a recipe book was subversive of the old ways and the old caste. It is easy to see how this way of looking at language would suit the new world." If the Americans in their other actions had revelled in their power to engender variety, why in this case did they show an equal enthusiasm for uniformity? And whence the passion for learning things from a recipe book, which would seem to counteract their suppositous attitude toward book knowledge?

PROFESSOR BOORSTIN has erected as the cause of his much stressed American resistance to traditional ideas and disciplines that which he would like to see prevail in American life: egalitarianism (at least to the extent of totally rejecting the idea of an elite), empirical procedures, distrust of forms, systems, and even of principles, and a strong strain of anti-institutionalism.

This is a proceeding which is fairly common in some areas of contemporary thought. One describes the forces one would like to see predominant in a society, and then one "proves" that they are inexorable causes. Whether or not Professor Boorstin thinks of himself as a Liberal, it needs pointing out that this is one of the techniques of the Liberals. It is the means by which they can argue that the future is on their side, since the future must emerge from the past, and the desiderated causes are made to seem historically grounded.

What the author is arguing is, in sum, that the dominant impulse of American history is toward the com-

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pletely open society. There is nothing to which this society is unequivocally committed. Like the typical Liberal, he is willing to postulate little more than the right to experiment. Formalism and intellectualism are viewed almost as blights, and the native American growths as blight-resistant.

To realize how much he is willing to discard to arrive at this, one must note certain passages in the section dealing with American culture. "American printed matter," he writes "thrived on the absence of a strong literary aristocracy. It was diffuse. Its center was everywhere because it was nowhere. . . . It was the product and the producer of a busy, mobile, public society, which preferred relevant truths to empyrean Truth. . . ." Consequently, down to this time "Not the litterateur but the journalist, not the essayist but the writer of how-to-do-it manuals, not the 'artist' but the publicist is the characteristic American man of letters." This is well enough if what one means by "man of letters" is a person who succeeds in getting into print. It will not do if one is talking about literary value. But "value" is an aristocratic word.

It is pleasant to think of ourselves as a peculiar people, but there may be an element of self-congratulation in it. It is intoxicating to think of ourselves as defiers of traditional forms, though that may be both wasteful and perilous. I think that Professor Boorstin has exaggerated the American separation from Europe. After all, one can be an American—one could even be an American isolationist — without denying that we are the heirs of much of Western European civilization. Finally, one can share his feeling about "garret-spawned European illuminati like Lenin, Mussolini, and Hitler" without trying to make American society quite as mindless as it appears in his pages.

The Strange Fate of "Lolita"

A Lance into Cotton Wool

FRANK S. MEYER

NEVER has a society been more smugly proof against satire than ours. When one idea is as good as another and one institution is as good as another, when a dull equalizing relativism destroys all definitions and distinctions, satire is impotent. For the satiric genius works by shocking the reader into using the standards he implicitly holds but has failed to apply. It achieves its results by creating so savage a presentation of contemporary evil (exaggerated, caricatured, grotesque, but a true simulacrum of the essence of the social scene) that the bland and habitual surface of actuality is riven apart. But where there are no standards, satire has no ground from which to fight.

It is not on record that even the bitterest enemy of the Irish greeted Swift's *A Modest Proposal* with dithyrambs of praise for his great acuity and daring in breaking the bonds of conventional morality that had previously kept men from publicly espousing cannibalism. The smuggest of the eighteenth century recognized satire when it hit them in the face.

Today things are different. Vladimir Nabokov writes a novel, *Lolita* (Putnam, $5.00). With scarifying wit and masterly descriptive power, he excoriates the materialist monstrosities of our civilization—from progressive education to motel architecture, and back again through the middle-brow culture racket to the incredible vulgarity and moral nihilism in which our children of all classes are raised, and on to psychoanalysis and the literary scene. He stamps indelibly on every page of his book the revulsion and disgust with which he is inspired, by loathsomely dwelling upon a loathsome plot: a detailed unfolding of the long-continued captivity and sexual abuse of a twelve-year-old girl. To drive home the macabre grotesquerie of what he sees about him, he climaxes the novel with a murder that is at the same time horrible and ridiculous, poised between Grand Guignol and Punch and Judy.

What happens? The critics hail his "grace and delicacy" and his ability to understand and present "love" in the most unlikely circumstances. The modern devaluation of values seems to have deprived them of the ability to distinguish love from lust and rape. And first among them that dean of critics, Lionel Trilling, who compares *Lolita* to the legend of Tristan and Isolde!

This *succès d'estime* is matched only by its success of pocketbook, as it reaches the top of the best-seller list with a current sale of over 100,000 copies. Completely successful, and having completely missed the target at which he shot, one wonders what Mr. Nabokov thinks. It is as if Swift had been feted for his pamphlet by the King's Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, or Juvenal banqueted by the degenerate Roman rich and powerful, and their more degenerate toadies, whom his satire celebrates.

WITHOUT exception, in all the reviews I have read—and they are many—nowhere has even the suspicion crept in that *Lolita* might be something totally different from the temptingly perverted surface it presents to the degenerate taste of the age. Not a whiff of a hint that it could be what it must be, if it is judged by the standards of good and beauty which once were undisputed in the West—and if it is, as the power of its writing shows it to be, more than a mere exercise in salaciousness.

Only the editors of the *New Republic*, speaking in their editorial columns (after the fact of their review, and against their reviewer, who had done the usual with *Lolita*), smelled a rat. But, as so often with the *New Republic* when it departs, as it sometimes does, from the safe paths of moderate Liberal conformism, it smelled the wrong rat and went dashing off in the wrong direction. The editors of the *New Republic*, to their credit, cannot stomach the idea advanced by the critical gentry that no moral judgment of the brutal and tawdry central theme of *Lolita* should be made. They accuse Mr. Nabokov of saying that the moral abomination he describes does not matter, since it is no worse than the tawdriness of our social scene—a

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view of the fruits of Liberalism that very much upsets them.

They have at least come close enough to the secret to suspect that Mr. Nabokov is implying some sort of relation between the horror of his plot and the social scene; but they reverse his meaning. Mr. Nabokov is not saying that what happens to Lolita is excusable because it is no worse than the general *mores* of our society. So insensitive a judgment would be impossible for a man who can write with his intense sensitivity. He is saying the opposite—and saying it clearly to all who have ears to hear. He is saying that Lolita's fate is indeed fearful and horrible; and that the world ravaged by relativism which he describes is just as horrible. He is not excusing outrage; he is painting a specific outrage as the symbol of an outrageous society.

The editors of the *New Republic,* with justice, attack the indecent blindness of Lionel Trilling who writes of the perverted protagonist of *Lolita:* "In recent fiction no lover has thought of his beloved with so much tenderness." They themselves, however, look with so much tenderness upon their world that they cannot recognize the terrible satire whose essence they have dimly perceived. *De te fabula narratur.* Satire couches its lance in vain.

And satire, I am sure, considering his ability and the quality of what he has written, was Mr. Nabokov's intention. Of course I may be wrong. He may simply be an immensely gifted writer with a perverted and salacious mind. But if the latter is true, it does not change the situation much. *Lolita,* in the context of the reception it has been given, remains nevertheless a savage indictment of an age that can see itself epitomized in such horror and run to fawn upon the horror as beauty, delicacy, understanding. But I hope that this is not so, that Mr. Nabokov knew what he was doing. It is so much more exhilarating to the spirit if the evil that human beings have created is castigated by the conscious vigor of a human being, not by the mere accident of the mirror, the momentary unpurposeful reflection of evil back upon evil.

Ironies of Practical Politics

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

Much of American political history has been made by men who have not been doctrinaires of the right or the left. There have been few Calhouns in public life, men of inflexible principle. For the most part, our politics have been dominated by the Lyndon Johnson type—leaders who believe that politics is the art of the possible. Perhaps the most interesting modern advocate of this kind of statecraft is James F. Byrnes, former U.S. Senator, former "assistant president," former Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court, former Secretary of State, and former Governor of South Carolina. *All in One Lifetime* (Harper, $4.50), a book of memoirs by Mr. Byrnes, tells how one leader of this type acted in political crises at home and abroad.

Mr. Byrnes writes of government as it is, not as one might wish it to be. His political philosophy emerges in the first chapter of the book. "As a young man," he writes, "working as a court stenographer, I had begun to learn that in all relationships in life success and happiness can be achieved only by a willingness to make concessions." He notes that in the House and Senate "the art of legislating is the art of intelligent compromise" and adds that an obstinate man "is likely to see a 'principle' in every issue."

This book is a reminder that Mr. Byrnes based his lifework in politics on "intelligent compromise." As the representative of South Carolina, a state utterly devoted to states-rights principles, Mr. Byrnes chose to make concessions to the great political powers of his day. While Ellison D. (Cotton Ed) Smith thundered against the New Deal and was selected for purging by FDR in 1938, Jimmy Byrnes was President Roosevelt's trusted lieutenant.

Today, Mr. Byrnes speaks for conservatives in warning of the concentration of federal power. But *All in One Lifetime* tells of his willing involvement in the Roosevelt revolution. He accepted and helped to further the growth of federal power in the years when other Americans warned of the dangers of big government. As FDR's whip in Congress, he was more the Senator from the White House than the representative of the Palmetto State. But as Governor of South Carolina the enormous power Byrnes helped to create was applied against his state. No opportunity existed for "intelligent compromise." If he sees the irony of this situation, he does not mention it in his book. He is not a repentant New Dealer. He takes nothing back. But, of course, as Governor of South Carolina he has provided first-class conservative leadership in all areas of state policy.

Like other old pros in politics, Mr. Byrnes had talents essential to any government. *All in One Lifetime* reveals his very considerable skill in dealing with people. While he went along with FDR's political projects, he was not blinded by the Roosevelt personality. He combines fond remembrance of Roosevelt with a cool appraisal of his inability to set his political house in order. Mr. Byrnes' account of the famous "clear it with Sidney" remark, which prevented the South Carolinian from becoming Vice President, is an important piece of political history. The irony in this is that the practical politician from South Carolina lost his chance to become President because FDR found it practical to tell a lie to him.

Mr. Byrnes is neither vain nor vindictive. His fault is excessive faith

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in flexibility, whereas inflexibility on points of principle often is a nation's strength. If he moved with the crowd during the New Deal era, one can at least say that his actions were approved by a nation that had joined in the general retreat from firm principles. For conservatives, *All in One Lifetime* is a salutary lesson in practical politics.

Pink Snow Falls Again

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

When Edgar Snow published his best known book, *Red Star Over China,* a highly eulogistic account of what he found behind the Red lines in the Chinese civil war, a review in an English language paper published in China was entitled "Pink Snow Over China." This is understandably not mentioned in Mr. Snow's work, *Journey to the Beginning: A Personal View of Contemporary History* (Random House, $5.00), the personal story of three decades of journalism, primarily concerned with China, secondarily with the Soviet Union. But it still has its application.

For there is a curious ambivalence in the personality of Snow, the brilliant reporter, who, as he tells us, earned almost a quarter of a million dollars in a fifteen-year stint for the *Saturday Evening Post,* and Snow, the doctrinaire leftist, who seems to have learned nothing and forgotten nothing since the foolish thirties. His reporter's conscience forces him to report some of the unpleasant facts of life which he found in the Soviet Union in his visits during and after the war. But he stubbornly refuses to admit that every Nazi crime can be matched or surpassed, as regards atrocity and number of victims, by a corresponding or similar Soviet crime.

The Soviet Communists killed innumerable "counterrevolutionaries"; caused the death of millions of peasants by a politically motivated and avoidable famine; sent millions of people of all classes and many nationalities to suffer and often to perish in slave-labor concentration camps; purged their own ranks with a ferocity suggesting the worst days of the Terror in revolutionary France; denied the people under their rule every civil and personal liberty. But, according to Mr. Snow, "they never dared repudiate the Socialist faith in the essential one-ness of mankind and the ends of international unity and brotherhood."

And he attributes to Franklin D. Roosevelt, all too plausibly, the fantastic sentiment: "No Western Christian and democrat could seriously quarrel with the aspirations of the revolution or the liberation of mankind which communism proclaimed."

It is not surprising to learn that

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Snow enjoyed considerable favor with Roosevelt as an unofficial political adviser during the war, and there are several interesting bits of Rooseveltiana in Snow's reports of his talks with the wartime President. For example, Roosevelt is revealed by Snow as a fanatic for exclusively secular education. The President's words on this subject were:

"We also have to get rid of the most reactionary religious power in our own country. Before long we are going to have to eliminate all church control of education. That belongs to the past. All schools should be under secular control."

VERY interesting also is Snow's firsthand testimony as to Roosevelt's attitude after Yalta. "I got the impression," said Roosevelt, "that the Russians are now fully satisfied. . . . Obviously the Russians are going to do things in their own way in the areas they occupy . . . I am convinced we are going to get along."

Snow obviously looks back nostalgically to the time of a President whose first concern was to keep the Russians "fully satisfied" and who was not concerned about the prospect of terroristic communization of Soviet-occupied areas. The cold war, in his view, is a regrettable accident, promoted by "a halfdozen errors committed on our side," which Roosevelt would certainly have avoided.

A good example of the ambivalence of Snow the enterprising reporter and Snow the sympathizer with Communism is to be found in the author's dash into Vienna while it was under exclusive Soviet occupation, just after the end of the war. It was a courageous feat. But Snow has not one word to say, on the basis of this experience, on a subject about which every Austrian whom this writer met in Vienna a year later was bitterly eloquent: the wholesale orgy of rape, drunkenness and general brutality which characterized the irruption of the Soviet hordes into this old center of European Christian civilization.

A double standard of moral judgment runs through the whole book. There is much about individuals who suffered under the Kuomintang and nothing about the gigantic terrorist massacres under Chinese Red rule. McCarthy is the familiar Leftist demon, but there is not a word of incidental censure for Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White. And General Marshall is solemnly cited as witness to the proposition that there really was no Soviet aid to the Chinese Communists.

Fiction Chronicle

In Search of Heroes

ROBERT PHELPS

FOR better or worse, a novelist is that *genre* of poet who expresses himself by writing, not about ideas, or places, or things, but about particular persons who commit particular historical acts. Therefore the one outside factor he depends on is an orderly community within which passionate individuals can live and be observed in their various behavior. Here in America, unfortunately, he has almost always quarreled with his conditions.

Before 1900, he found everything too scattered, vast and unhomogeneous. Mark Twain despaired of having enough raw material; Stephen Crane kept so hectically on the move to find it that he wore himself out at twenty-eight; Henry James threw up his hands and went to Europe, pointing to the starvation diet Hawthorne's art had tried to survive. No one seemed able, like Jane Austen or Thackeray, Balzac or Proust, Virginia Woolf or Henry Green, to take a certain closed society for granted, and concentrate on revealing human possibilities within its limits.

After 1900, the problem just reversed itself. Except for the Deep South, which Faulkner and a few others were able to draw on, everyone, everywhere, everything became increasingly alike. Looking for unstandardized souls in action, a novelist was at a loss again. Hemingway went off to watch hunting in Africa and bull-fighting in Spain, but a number of his most gifted contemporaries left unfulfilled promises. By 1946, Auden could even seriously advise young writers: "Above all, do not write your autobiography, for your childhood is literally the whole of your capital."

As I prowled through a dozen or so of the late autumn novels, I was not surprised, but irked, teased and depressed at how persistently present this problem continues to be. "Whom is there to write about? Where can I behold heroic action?" seems to be the implicit cry of every serious writer in America. And I can't help thinking that it was this quest which led, for instance, James Ramsey Ullman (who has elsewhere celebrated mountain-climbers) to turn to literature itself for an adequate hero. *The Day On Fire* (World, $5.95) is a novel "suggested by" the life of Rimbaud, who is easily the wildest maverick poetry can claim for its own. The names are changed, but Rimbaud's own verse is extensively quoted, and the brief, awesome trajectory of his falling star is followed as closely as the few known facts allow.

At fifteen, he runs away to Paris, meets Verlaine, and their mutually destructive relationship drags them through the gutters of London and Paris until Verlaine ends up in prison and Rimbaud, still in his teens, forswears poetry altogether and goes off to make himself a life of action in Africa. It is at this point that Mr. Ullman had his big chance, for we know very little about what happened to the man capable of writing *Une Saison en Enfer* after he left Europe. But we only get a conventional adventure story of native girls, Abyssinian kings, dangerous gunrunning, and eventual repatriation to France to die. So that of Mr. Ullman's 700 pages, only those which reprint Rimbaud's poetry seem to yield any of his secret, and we are left to conclude that of all possible heroes, a poet is the least rewarding to choose, since his truest "action," after all, takes place when he is pushing his own pen.

Truman Capote is wiser, though he, too, has had to go to society's maverick margin for his heroine. In *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (Random House, $3.50), he mixes a dash of

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autobiography—himself as a young, as yet unpublished, writer living in Manhattan's East 70s with very scrupulous prose and a never ungraceful *voyeurisme* to tell us about a wild bird of passage he once knew, a sort of Sally Bowles who improvised a bravura life of bluff in the shady milieu where the theater, fashion modelling, the shabbier fringe of High Society and a tentacle or two of the underworld intersect to make tabloid gossip. Fast and hard on the outside, scared and lonely on the inside, his Holly Golightly comes out of nowhere, moving fast, and presently moves on into nowhere—and Mr. Capote's half wistful, half-catty "I" watches her, as his readers will, because she is not a nonentity nor prefabricated, but has guts and a little human fury in her heart.

THE REST of the novels I looked at seemed to me too indifferent to comment on very usefully in this context. But a new book about the novel by Wright Morris struck me as probing and sound. In *The Territory Ahead* (Harcourt Brace, $4.50), Mr. Morris confronts the long quarrel American writers have had with their native material, and speaks with the authority of eleven novels of his own behind him. The future, he says, is not in any outside subject. A novelist's passion and imagination don't really depend upon externals as much as we have insisted. He must stop hunting for heroes *out there* and look in his own heart. He must imagine what he needs, and remember that Henry James, when he was accused of making his characters too sensitive, too self-knowing, too morally refined, replied that if Life could not keep up to his vision, well *tant pis*.

A counsel of perfection, maybe, but something for every novelist, and every reader, to weigh soberly in these Days—not of wrath, but of Wraiths.

Two Field Marshals—Two Wars

J. P. McFADDEN

WE HAVE now the personal account of two more famous warriors, England's Field-Marshal Montgomery and Germany's Field-Marshal von Manstein. Straight off, these must be counted important contributions to the still-unfolding account of World War II. Happily, they also make absorbing reading, for seldom have two lifelong soldiers—who, in the same war, exercised similar commands and attained the same rank—presented the reader with more varied fare.

Montgomery's book (*The Memoirs of Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein,* World, $6.00) will no doubt prove the more interesting to American readers, for "Monty" has always been a controversial figure. Montgomery emerges as the Victorian relic, trained to produce the "good show," austere ("What does the Field Marshal do all day?" asked the Russians, after learning that Montgomery neither drank, smoked nor liked women), a veteran of the bloody mud of Flanders in the first war, and of colonial outposts between wars. His professional achievements were founded on a combination of British "pluck" and a sort of military old-maidishness. It was fortunate for Montgomery's reputation that he attained high command *after* the ebb of the Nazi tide (his admitted "formula" for success of Alamein: overwhelming superiority in everything). Otherwise, history might have made of him no more than a Haig or a Wavell.

Even at that, Montgomery paid a high price for his luck. His personal life was forfeit, and the seeming trivia which replaced it (we glimpse them, scattered, with great and charming naiveté, throughout the book) leave Montgomery a much more likeable human being than historians have—or probably will—make him. Most certainly, his amusingly odd personal "views" (a favorite word) make his story much more readable than one would have expected. But as history, the book leaves much to be desired. Montgomery seems to feel that it is no part of his task to describe his battles, offering the rather disconcerting excuse that accounts have been rendered already by others.

"Monty" is quite careful of his reputation, but he is far from careful with others, and the greatest interest here centers around his strong opinions about what was, and what should have been, Allied strategy. He pays repeated tributes to the *man,* but Eisenhower as *Supreme Commander* gets some really hard knocks. From Tunisia to the Elbe, Montgomery pictures an almost total lack of coherent strategic concept, compounded by absentee command (Ike was either far to the rear, or deep in political problems, or both). Not that, in this reviewer's opinion,

Montgomery's alternatives were always, or even usually, correct. But he does point out that, as in the sweep through France in 1944, *neither* alternative, Montgomery's *nor* Patton's, was chosen. Eisenhower was a coach rather than a general, urging *everybody* on, relying on sheer activity to win through to victory without decision.

What would have happened if such a "strategy" had not been made possible by our overwhelming superiority? Victors always have a smug tendency to feel "we planned it that way," and one is reminded of the maxim that victory in war often goes to the side which makes the fewest mistakes.

There is little doubt that victory would have been much more difficult —and very possibly its "fruits" much less bitter—had not a ranting madman ruled the crumbling Reich at the end. But Hitler was a genius before he became mad, and the victories of his early "intuitions" over a cautious General Staff convinced him of his infallibility. This convic-

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tion proved to be one of our greatest strategic assets, for it nullified the collective excellence of the German military machine, and wasted the prodigious German stamina. The resulting tragedy, with all its Wagnerian proportions, was not Germany's alone: it was a wasteful weakening from which the West has not recovered, and may never.

THE TRUE measure of the waste has, perhaps, never been more clearly diagrammed than in Field-Marshal von Manstein's melancholy book (*Lost Victories*, by Field-Marshal Erich von Manstein, Regnery, $7.50). Many consider him to have been the greatest of the German generals. He *should* have been, if his sword was as sharp as his pen, and his strategy as perceptive as his accounting. Surely, these must take their place among the finest military memoirs ever written.

It might be said that Manstein was what the General Staff system was designed to produce, but rarely did. Almost as much the Prussian prototype as a von Rundstedt, he was nevertheless a well-rounded man. Unlike Montgomery, he was astute rather than austere; drilled to a natural moderation, not rigid self-denial. He too began his career in the first war, and like Montgomery, eventually commanded almost every size of military formation: yet their careers are almost completely opposite. Manstein began the war as Rundstedt's chief of staff in the Polish campaign (Montgomery was then only a divisional commander in France). Later, it was Manstein who sold Hitler on the brilliant Ardennes thrust that collapsed France and, ironically, made Hitler think himself a new Napoleon.

The military hierarchy, as frequently happens, "rewarded" Manstein with demotion. He commanded a mere corps in France and Russia, but gave outstanding performances. Then, as an army commander, he overran the Crimean fortress. But whereas Montgomery was given high command at Alamein when ultimate victory was virtually certain, Manstein was given the shattered South-Russian front (his best army was already in Stalingrad's deathtrap).

Without Hitler—and perhaps with more Mansteins—it might have been achieved. The Russians would, after all, have made a separate peace unhesitatingly had they been convinced it was necessary. But Hitler's insane clinging to symbols on maps made even this impossible, and all Manstein could do was to avoid further Stalingrads and prolong the struggle in the hope that someone (besides Stalin) would grasp the political realities. He conducted a brilliant fighting retreat, and his account of it makes a fascinating and valuable study in command. Hitler, however, could abide no realists, and Manstein was relieved in early 1944, never to be recalled. The fortunes of war are indeed strange. A genius is wasted in defeats, while a steady plodder never loses a battle—all because the military can never really be separated from the political. In great wars, it is Grand Strategy that spells the difference. In that, there is much food for thought.

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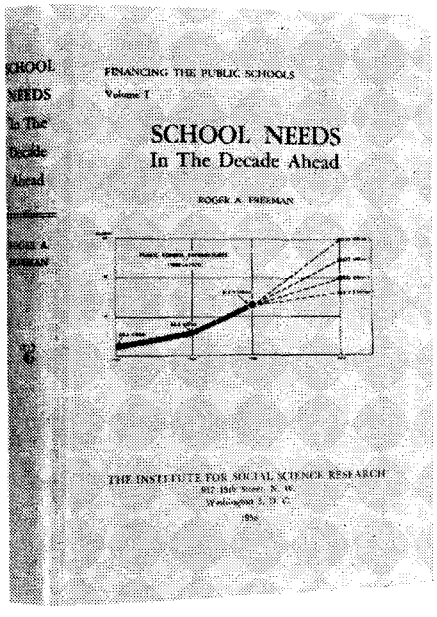

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Men and Manners

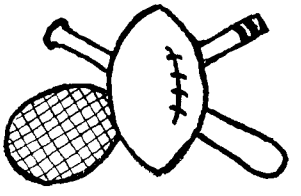
What's Wrong with Indiana?

FINIS FARR

At first glance, *The American Way in Sport* (Duell, $3.50), by John R. Tunis, looks like another of those friendly, incoherent little books about which one can only wonder how they came to be published by a recognized firm. However, I am unable to pass any piece of writing which has the word "sport" in its title without reading a page or two, and in this case, I ploughed through the entire work, although considerably discouraged by Mr. Tunis' stupefying rhetorical questions ("The American athlete: what is he—or she—like?"); majestic irrelevancies (". . . at least $200,000,000 is invested yearly in intercollegiate football. This is almost the total cost of the great Hoover Dam on the Colorado"); torpid truisms ("Basketball means various things to different people"); portentous epigraphs ("Blessed is partisanship, for of such is the essence of democracy."—Adlai E. Stevenson); and addiction to worn-out humor (". . . the above-named persons are unwept, unhonored and unsung").

Nevertheless I kept on reading, because in spite of hopeless confusion in handling his materials, the author has touched on some highly important points. As nearly as I could make out, Mr. Tunis' main arguments are that we Americans set too much store on winning at games; that our sports, on the whole, are overorganized; and that college athletics have somehow developed into an actual danger to higher education. In support of the last point, Mr. Tunis makes football the tackling dummy. He seems to be telling us that too many scholarships go to the football players, that the coaches make too much money in proportion to what the professors get, and that people who turn out on Saturday afternoons for the college games have only come to watch a show.

To answer Mr. Tunis first on the matter of scholarships, it is true that the average young fellow needs four years of college about as much as a cat needs two tails. But this is true whether or not he is good at sports. However, many college footballers go on into the professional game, a lucrative trade which can be followed for ten or twelve years. The point which Mr. Tunis has missed is that



football is a good way of life for those who follow it; and so far as education is concerned, most of us would be happier and more useful if we stayed away from college and followed our natural interests on graduation from high school. In America, we need to cut down, not increase the number of college students, no matter what games they play.

As to the coaches, for whom Mr. Tunis has some very hard words, I would reply that these men are among the most engaging public characters of our time, as a recent paper by Mr. Gerald Holland in *Sports Illustrated* has pointed out. Publicity man, showman, psychologist, entertainer, fund-raiser and symbol of the military planner, the big-time coach is indeed a significant figure on the American scene. Those who disagree might ponder the fact that "Coach" has become an actual title, like "Fire Chief," "Dean" or "Colonel." Moreover, the coach comes from primary American sources, like football itself, and his role as public personage was developed at Harvard, Princeton and Yale in the careers of Percy Haughton, Bill Roper and Walter Camp, men of indescribable authority and weight. I do not mean to speak in irony: the only place outside the armed services where one can see young persons unquestioningly carrying out orders is at a school or college football game or practice session. It is an impressive sight.

But there those people are in the grandstands, unashamedly yelling and enjoying themselves, and sometimes even taking a nip of liquor. Mr. Tunis apparently thinks they should find something better to do. Perhaps the answer is that a thing is not necessarily wrong just because a great many people enjoy it; and as we all know, college football generates a powerful emotional charge. This was admitted by Yale's William Lyon Phelps when asked whether he would rather see a man make a good recitation on Tennyson and Browning, or score a touchdown against Harvard.

"I like to see a man do well in class," Professor Phelps stated, "but I don't throw away my hat."

Mr. Tunis is certainly not throwing away *his* hat for anything he sees on the contemporary American sporting scene. He finds all sorts of things wrong, among them that golf courses are too crowded, that too many Davis Cup tennis players turn professional, that the people in Indiana take too much interest in basketball. Even the cheer-leading gets Mr. Tunis down, if I read him correctly. But surely cheer-leading and baton-twirling, in which girls are now the most numerous performers, are nothing more nor less than folk dancing, as was recognized by a sharp-eyed American painter, the late Reginald Marsh. Indeed, if anything like our school and college rooting ceremonies were reported among the Basutos or the Bangamwatos, the sociologists who have so impressed Mr. Tunis would immediately be off to study it. As it is, I am afraid his attitude toward Indiana, its games and folk-arts, is not quite free from condescension—a serious flaw in any social critic.

He rebukes the reader inferential-

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ly for regarding as a poor sport "a Russian who wants to win the Olympic Games as badly as we do." And here we shall have to call Mr. Tunis out. Those Russians are not any sort of sportsmen, good or bad. And our athletes have no business meeting them in contests which, for all the overorganization, are still considered to be procedures of civilized men. There is no place in such games for the representatives of liars, kidnappers and murderers. For my part, I'll take the folks in Indiana. They may be basketball-crazy. But don't worry about them, Mr. Tunis. When the balloon goes up, they'll be there.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

IRRATIONAL MAN, by William Barrett (Doubleday, $5.00) Mr. Barrett frankly approves what he calls the real aim of modern "existentialism" —the destruction of Western culture. We can hardly expect one who thus disapproves of intellect to be precise about technical terminology or historical fact: he misrepresents his modern heroes almost as flagrantly as he does the "villains" who built our civilization. But his criticism of artistic and literary trends is very perceptive. Barrett turns men and events into symbols, reads them sympathetically, and shows us that the barbarian has invaded the West again, perhaps for the last time. G. WILLS

MAINLY ON THE AIR, by Max Beerbohm (Knopf, $3.75). In the generation of English wits that followed the incomparable Oscar Wilde, Max Beerbohm stood second only to G. K. Chesterton. This slender volume is chiefly a collection of short talks made over the radio in his last years, but its contents range from a mordant Latin epigram worthy of John Owen to a sketch that will remind you of *The Late George Apley*. Beerbohm had the power of true satire, which may be defined as wit stimulated by extensive learning and directed by the rare faculty that is called common sense, and this power was but little weakened by age. He was still capable of brilliant characterizations such as that of H. G. Wells as a man who would have us "dismiss the present from our minds, and fix our eyes steadfastly *in* the future." But his wit was tempered by a pervasive melancholy, a nostalgic remembrance of the lost world in which he had been born—the sane and stable nation that was England before glib gangsters blocked up the sewers of society so that all men could live in a classless cesspool.

R. P. OLIVER

ADMIRAL HORNBLOWER IN THE WEST INDIES, by C. S. Forester (Little Brown, $4.00). It is said that Winston Churchill is a great admirer of Forester's Hornblower Saga. This is, when one considers it, a tribute to Forester's knowledge of the sea, his grasp of British naval history and tradition, his special insight into the nature of British martial temperament, and his fluent narrative sweep. For Sir Winston is not the least authority on these matters. In the present novel—an unexpected gift to those who believed the gallant Admiral permanently retired to landlocked domesticity—we find Rear Admiral Lord Hornblower now in charge of His Britannic Majesty's West Indian Station. Napoleon is on St. Helena, the great wars are over, but there is still room for high adventure on the Spanish Main.

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Anecdotes of Destiny, by Isak Dinesen. Random House, $3.75

The Bell, by Iris Murdoch. Viking, $4.50

Breaking Point, by Jacob Presser. World, $2.50

Chains of Fear, by N. Narokov. Regnery, $4.75

Doctor Zhivago, by Boris Pasternak. Pantheon, $5.00

Gate to the Sea, by Bryher. Pantheon, $2.75

The Great Days, by John Dos Passos. Sagamore, $4.50

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Our Man in Havana, by Graham Greene. Viking, $3.50

This Is Adam, by Brainard Cheney. McDowell, Obolensky, $3.95

Water Music, by Bianca Van Orden. Harcourt, $3.95

CURRENT AFFAIRS, ECONOMICS

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Masters of Deceit, by J. Edgar Hoover. Holt, $5.00

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The Americans: The Colonial Experience, by Daniel J. Boorstin. Random House, $6.00

The British Empire before the American Revolution, Vol. I, by Lawrence Henry Gipson. Knopf, $8.50

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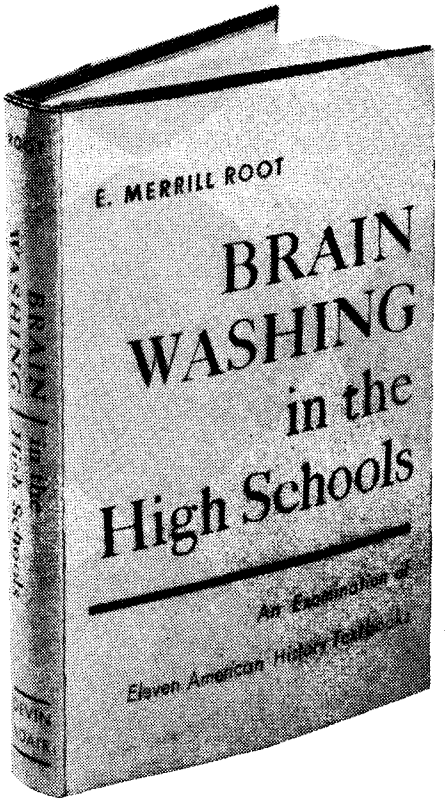

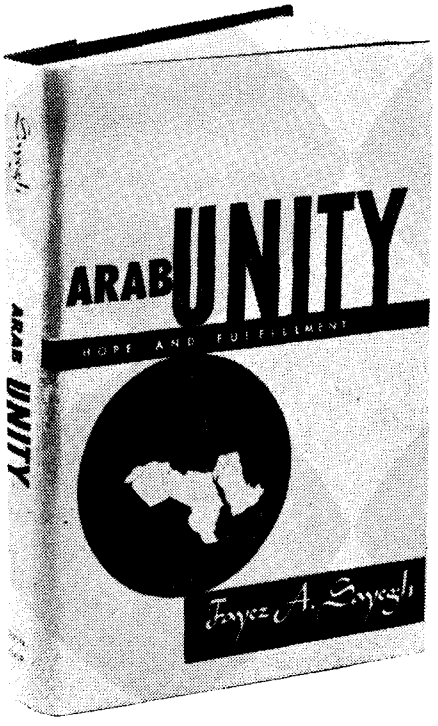

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To the Editor

Sin of Omission?

In your issue of October 11, you have a sharply worded piece which states that in withholding part of funds appropriated for defense, the President is "disobeying the law of the land."

The facts and the law are quite otherwise, namely:

1) While an appropriation act is a law, it is not a mandate to spend but rather, an authorization to spend up to the amount specified for a particular purpose or purposes. The function of the Executive, as of any administrator, is to achieve objectives by spending as much, but only as much, as in his judgment may be necessary, subject of course to the maximum set in the appropriation act.

2) Since the enactment of the Budget and Accounting Act, every President has exercised the authority to require departments and agencies to reserve portions of the funds otherwise available to them.

3) . . . Nowhere, in any law, not even in the Constitution, is there language which would oblige the Executive to pass out every dollar of an appropriation to the designated department or agency. In the hearings before the Ways and Means Committee on HR 13580 and HR 13581, July 30, 1958, both Mr. Stans and the Committee chairman, Representative Mills, agreed that the legal right existed to withhold "all or any part of funds for any specific purpose made available by the Congress."

4) When the President signed the defense appropriation measure, he said that it carried more than a billion dollars in excess of what he considered necessary for defense. Since adjournment, it is being increasingly recognized that the second session of the 85th Congress went on a spending spree without evidence of concern about the deficit or the prospect of further inflation. . . .

I resist as strongly as you the growing tendency toward judicial legislation. But I must also protest against your view that the President is disobeying the law of the land when he exercises his judgment as to how much of any given appropriation may be needed to perform a specific administrative task.

Princeton, N. J. HARLEY L. LUTZ

The distinction is as follows: The Executive is required by law to put into effect any program objectively specified by Congress. If the Executive can do it at less cost than anticipated by and provided for by Congress, so much the better; but he may not, in order to reduce expenditures, modify or put aside a clear congressional objective, as did Mr. Truman when he refused to spend the money on the B-36's specifically commissioned by Congress. In the instant case, further research reveals that Mr. Eisenhower may succeed in contending that the language of the 85th Congress was ambiguous enough to permit him to withhold the money without violating the law.

ED.

Does Advertising Pay?

Professor Colin Clark in "The Horrible Proposals of Mr. Galbraith" [October 11] takes a view of advertising that would suggest he had confined his study of economics to a textbook and a television set. He says: ". . . in the fields where it is effective, the most that advertising probably does is to distort demand . . . it does not increase the total demand for goods."

Is he not aware that advertising is bought and sold like any other service in a free and fiercely competitive market, and that American business will spend some 12 billion dollars on it this year? I seriously doubt there is any major area of application in which advertising is not effective. Obviously, businessmen would cease to invest in these areas as quickly as they would cease to invest in a product that could not be sold. . . .

Worse yet is his contention that advertising merely distorts demand, and the example he cites of the

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woman who is induced to buy cosmetics instead of furniture. Surely Professor Clark knows that we are selling more cosmetics and more furniture than ever before, more candy and more cigarettes, more automobiles and more motor scooters. It is easy to dimiss this progress as the result solely of our increased ability to produce more goods more cheaply. But Professor Clark has failed, as so many do, to understand the equally important role that distribution and selling play in this process.

He has succumbed to the age-old fallacy that promises success to the builder of a "better mousetrap." As for me, give me the ordinary mousetrap and a man who knows how to make millions want it and how to get it where they can buy it. For the Patent Office is filled with "better mousetraps," and the bankruptcy courts with their builders.

Grand Rapids, Mich. J. S. ALEXANDER

Dewey's Spirit Lives On

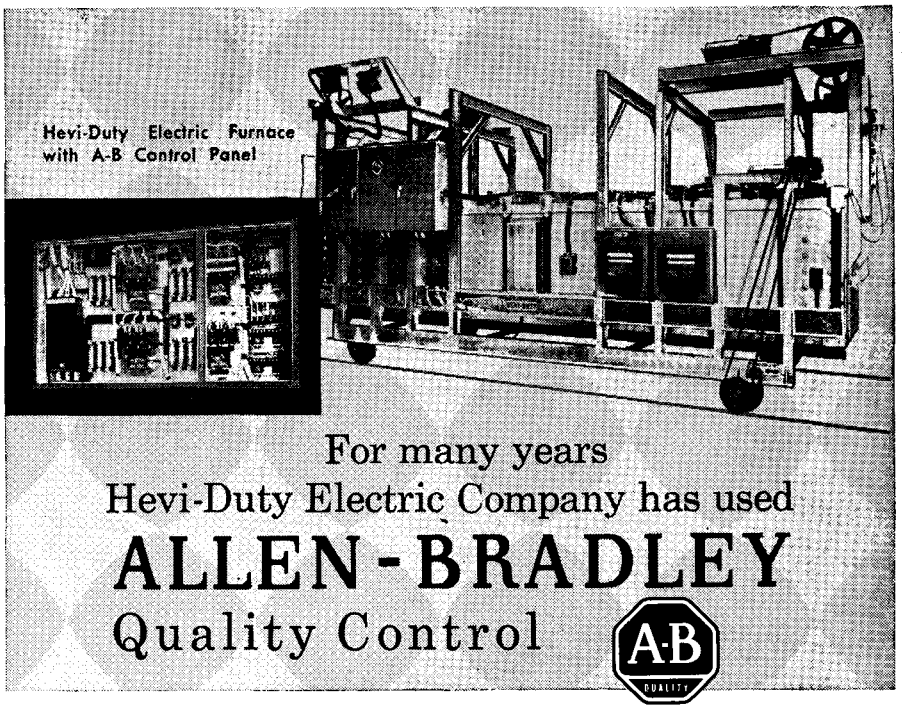
Mr. Stephen Tonsor's remarks on John Dewey, in your issue of October 25, require qualification. He says of Geiger's book that it "marks the end of an era rather than celebrates a triumph," and that "Dewey's philosophy in the long run is incapable of exerting a permanent influence."

In the field of academic philosophy, Dewey's ideas are as dead as a corpse can be. In fact, since it has not yet been embalmed, one needs a handkerchief to one's nose to visit the corpse. A young graduate of Columbia, already beginning to win his spurs as a philosopher, told me recently that in Columbia they cite Dewey as an example of how not to philosophize. The "they" could be given specificity, but why be invidious? Let us think of them as "the boys." And in a university in the Middle West one of his faded carbon copies—as I believe Father Ward once referred to this shallow character—tried to rig up the Department of Philosophy he headed *à la* Hitler's thousand year Reich. No sooner was he out of the throne than the administration radically reconstituted the Department; the Dewey-zombies still functioning there are intellectual castrati who haven't the strength to squeak in their high-pitched voices. In this sense, Mr. Tonsor is quite right.

But the spirit of Dewey is very much alive in our society and everywhere. Not only among the "educationists" whom Mr. Kirk and others have finally begun to put on the defensive, but in the social sciences, and in the ethos of our society. What Frank Meyer has been saying about positivism and the Establishment in your columns applies, with very little change, to the spirit of Dewey. If this weren't true there wouldn't be much need for your magazine, would there? Not that Dewey originated the spirit of Dewey. What he did was to attempt to prop it up technically and give it his name. But Deweyism is not the only name it has. In religion it's called "humanism," a sweetish, thin goo made up by men who, for all they talk about it, have never come to grips with the tragic aspects of life and never heard of heroism. In politics I need not tell you what it is called. In the social sciences it's "scientism." And everywhere it penetrates it weakens our sense to resist the putsch of the commissars and degrades living.

I do not see any signs that it has lost its go, do you? Does Mr. Tonsor? If you do, pass them on. The moment I get your letter I'll order me a bottle of champagne and drink it in loneliness, for not only some of my best friends but nearly all of my friends are Deweyans.

Wilmette, Ill. ELISEO VIVAS



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